

The Enterprise.

VOL. 11.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1906.

NO. 24.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
6:02 A. M. Daily.	
7:19 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.	
9:39 A. M. Daily.	
12:30 P. M. Daily.	
5:03 P. M. Daily.	
5:54 P. M. Daily.	
9:12 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
6:45 A. M. Daily.	
9:32 A. M. Daily.	
12:03 P. M. Daily.	
4:05 P. M. Daily.	
7:03 P. M. Daily.	
8:23 P. M. Daily.	
12:01 A. M. Daily. (Theatre train.)	

TIME TABLE

South San Francisco R. R. & Power Co.

Leave Holy Cross	Leave Packing House
5:18 a. m.	5:37 a. m.
6:00 "	6:20 "
Every one-half hour thereafter to	Every one-half hour thereafter to
4:30 p. m.	4:30 p. m.
4:55 "	5:15 "
5:10 "	5:35 "
5:55 "	6:14 "
6:30 "	6:40 "
7:30 "	7:50 "
8:30 "	9:00 "
9:30 "	10:00 "
10:30 "	11:00 "
11:30 "	11:58 "
12:15 a. m.	12:35 a. m.

Cars pass Post Office every thirty minutes, 18 minutes before and 12 minutes after the even hours, from 5:42 a. m. to 4:42 p. m. The last "suburban car", leaving Fifth and Market Sts., S. F., at 11:30 p. m., connects at Holy Cross at 12:15 a. m. with last car for South San Francisco.

UNITED RAILROADS OF SAN FRANCISCO

TIME TABLE OF SAN MATEO SUBURBAN LINE

From San Mateo	From 5th & Market Sts., S. F.
WEEK-DAYS	
5:45 a. m. to 8:45 p. m. every 30 minutes	6:30 a. m. to 7:30 p. m. every 30 minutes
8:45 p. m. to 11:45 p. m. every 60 minutes	7:30 p. m. to 11:30 p. m. every 60 minutes
SATURDAYS	
5:45 a. m. to 12:15 p. m. every 30 minutes	6:00 a. m. to 11:30 a. m. every 30 minutes
12:15 p. m. to 12:40 p. m. every 25 minutes	
12:40 p. m. to 7:20 p. m. every 20 minutes	11:30 a. m. to 6:30 p. m. every 20 minutes
7:20 p. m. to 7:45 p. m. every 25 minutes	
7:45 p. m. to 11:45 p. m. every 30 minutes	6:30 p. m. to 11:30 p. m. every 30 minutes
SUNDAYS	
First car 6:45 a. m. Last car 11:45 p. m. Cars will run as often as travel warrants.	First car 7:00 a. m. Last car 11:30 p. m. Cars will run as often as travel warrants.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays, 8:30 to 10:30 a. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 8:30 p. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.	
From the North.	6:45 12:03 P. M.
" South.	12:03 1:05

MAIL CLOSURE.	
North.	6:55 12:09 P. M.
South.	6:15 11:35

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held every Sunday in Grace Church. Morning service at 11 o'clock a. m. Evening service at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. See local column.

Methodist Church. Meetings, Butchers' Hall. Sunday Services—Sunday School, 3 p. m.; Epworth League of Christian Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.; Preaching 7:30 p. m.

The pastor, Rev. T. D. Lewis will be in town Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1:30 to 5 p. m. Any who may know of sick or distressed neighbors, will please leave word at the residences of Mr. Coombes, Mrs. Du Bois or Mrs. Sullivan.

Catholic Church Services will be held every Sunday at 8:30 o'clock a. m. at the Catholic Church.

MEETING NOTICE.

Progress Camp, No. 425, Woodmen of the World, meets every Wednesday evening at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Journeymen Butchers' Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck.	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain.	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
C. L. McCracken.	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
J. J. Bullock.	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward.	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK	
H. W. Schaberg.	Redwood City
COUNTY RECORDER	
John F. Johnston.	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. H. Mansfield.	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker.	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton.	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe.	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
A. B. Gilbert.	Redwood City

SHORT NEWS ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE

Interesting and Important Occurrences of the Past Week Tersely Related in Condensed Paragraphs

Current Events Briefly Reviewed in Numerous Dispatches From Correspondents in Every Corner of the World.

By an explosion in the Takashima coal mine near Nagasaki, Japan, 250 miners were killed.

A court-martial at Chita, East Siberia, has sentenced to death thirteen postal officials who participated in the recent strike.

Jacob H. Schiff, the New York banker, was decorated with the order of the Rising Sun while in audience with the Emperor of Japan.

W. H. MacDonald, actor and singer who came into fame as a member of the Bostonians, died in the Springfield, Mass., Hospital last week.

A box containing \$800 in cash and \$3000 in gold bonds was wrested from Mrs. C. Schmidt in her bakery at Cincinnati, Ohio. The thief escaped.

A fishing boat struck a floating mine on March 26th off the coast of the province of Echizen, Japan, and was blown up. Seven of her crew of ten men are missing.

President Reiso of Chile signed a decree authorizing a loan of \$12,500,000 from a German financial house for the construction of a railroad from Arica, Chile, to La Paz, Bolivia.

Senator Shelby M. Culom's petition for nomination for United States Senator to represent Illinois, filed in the office of the Secretary of State, contained 121,676 signatures against 24,000 for Richard Yates.

The great smelting, concentrating and electric and steam power plant of the Pennsylvania-Wyoming Copper Company at Grand Encampment, Wyo., was almost completely destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of \$300,000.

The British Museum has declined to purchase the Nelson memorandum outlining the plans of the battle of Trafalgar, which was recently sold at auction for \$18,000 and offered to the museum by the purchaser at the same price.

The Spanish Ministry has decided to promulgate a new tariff, to go into effect on July 1st. American imports will be considerably affected. The duties on machinery, especially agricultural and electrical machinery, and on flour, wheat, maize, petroleum and woven goods are increased. The duties on iron and steel are decreased.

The Supreme Court of Mexico has affirmed the sentence of death against Richardson, Mason and Harle, the Americans convicted of having murdered Mitchell and Devers at Chihuahua, Mexico, four years ago, in order to collect insurance on their lives. They will be shot unless Governor Cree pardons them.

Amid scenes of intense excitement the Ohio Senate passed the Aiken House bill increasing the saloon tax from \$350 to \$1000, and sealed its action by voting down a motion to reconsider. When the roll was called the vote stood 18 to 18. Senator Beatty immediately changed from no to yes, amid tremendous cheering of the temperance people.

Attempts to rob business and private houses occur daily in Odessa. Ten anarchists rushed into a wholesale grocery store and demanded \$1000, threatening the clerks with bombs if they refused. A duel with revolvers followed, during which two anarchists were killed. The authorities have taken extraordinary measures to protect property.

Robert H. Spriggs, the negro recently convicted of abduction in detaining white women against their will in a resort in New York frequented only by negroes, has been sentenced to twenty years in the New York State Prison. Sallie Bennett, who assisted Spriggs in conducting the resort, and who pleaded guilty to abduction, was sentenced to ten years in the State Prison.

After agreeing to draw lots for the office of Mayor of Ida Grove, Iowa, after a tie vote W. J. Anderson refuses to regard the lottery as fair and will contest. The names were placed in a hat and the first drawn was that of Robert Lipton, the present Mayor. The contestants are brothers-in-law and members of the same firm, their

HUNGER DRIVES INHABITANTS OF BLEAK ARCTIC TO SUICIDE

Terrible Story of Cannibalism and Destitution From Chukchis Peninsula.

St. Petersburg.—Horrible accounts are reaching St. Petersburg of cannibalism and starvation among tribes inhabiting the Arctic plain of the Chukchis peninsula, at the extremity of Asia. Most of the reindeer died of starvation during the winter of 1904-05, leaving the inhabitants without means of communication or food. During the last winter whole tribes have died, and members of the Omolons and Oloiya tribes, when facing starvation, assembled in council and decided that nothing remained but to eat their own people. They agreed that each head of a family should kill his wife and children and then commit suicide. The tribesmen gathered on a plateau covered with snow and ice, and in the darkness of the Arctic winter the Spartan decision was executed, not a single member of the two tribes surviving.

More revolting still is the story of what occurred in a family of the Yukahir tribe. A mother and nine of her children having died of hunger, the father, a surviving daughter and a nephew lived upon the remains, and when they were consumed the father murdered the nephew. A Russian named Dolganoff who went to the region to buy furs, reported the situation at Yakutsk, Siberia. He entered a snow hut of a Yukahir family while the latter were eating the head of a murdered relative.

Turkey Yields to England.

London.—The correspondent at Cairo of the Daily Telegraph reports that Turkey has begun the withdrawal of troops from the disputed posts in Akabah. The controversy between Turkey and Great Britain over this territory has been more or less acute for three months.

Sets Date for Trial of Packers.

Chicago.—Judge Humphreys set the trial of the packing corporations which were denied immunity at the hearing which ended last week for the second Monday in September.

wives being rich beneficiaries of the Fair estate. Social prominence is the real state.

The peasants on the Bouronka estate, at Poltava, Russia, belonging to Princess Cantacuzene, mother to Prince Cantacuzene, who married Miss Grant, daughter of Brigadier-General F. D. Grant, United States Army, have refused to plow the land and have driven away the employees of the estate. Further trouble is feared, and Cossacks have been dispatched to the scene of the disturbance.

Two German soldiers landed from a balloon Sunday at Karlskrona, Holland. They left Berlin on Saturday and crossed the Baltic in a fierce snowstorm. As they were nearing the Swedish coast the storm caused a rent in the balloon, permitting the gas to escape. The balloon began to descend and the men were obliged to cut away the basket and cling to the net. It was two hours before they landed, exhausted.

For holding up a 10-year-old girl and stealing one penny from her Michael Pettie was sentenced to serve three years in the New York Reform School. His little victim, Priscilla Summers, told her story in the Harlem Police Court, and with tears in her eyes begged the magistrate not to be so severe with the prisoner, who is only 16 years old. The boy had previously been punished for similar offenses.

According to a dispatch from Shanghai to the London Post, France has demanded that China admit that the magistrate at Nanchang, whose violent death last month led to the murder of six Catholic missionaries and one child of an English missionary named Kingman, was not murdered, pay an indemnity of 350,000 taels for the murder of the priests, execute six Chinese and pay 90,000 taels for the destruction of the mission schools.

Probably the most unique sentence ever imposed by a court of law in Kansas was ordered at Bennington in the case of "Joe" Transier, who was before a Police Judge on a charge of being drunk. Transier is an old offender and when he was brought to court Judge Herr fined him \$2 and ordered that he be confined to his bed for a week. Marshal Horath took Transier home and put him to bed and the culprit's family was instructed to notify the Court if Transier showed a disposition to leave his bed before the week was out.

COAST HAPPENINGS BRIEFLY REPORTED

Recent Events West of the Rocky Mountains Presented in a Form Appreciated by Our Busy Readers

Specially Selected Short Items Telling of Important and Interesting Occurrences of the Week on the Pacific Slope.

As the result of a municipal election Santa Monica voted overwhelmingly to adopt a freeholders' charter; also to take in a district of one mile by two known as the Palisades.

Stanton Wilkes, the \$20,000 trotting sire, owned by Secretary A. W. Bruner of the Los Angeles Driving Association, died at Riverside of blood poisoning. He had a trotting record of 2:10.

County Treasurer Lakin of Pierce county, Wash., received \$1000 conscience money, was turned in by a man who asked to see him in his private office, and then passed over the roll of bills for another party whose name was not given.

Judge Smith of the Superior Court of Los Angeles has signed the death warrant for Morris Buck, convicted of the murder of Mrs. Canfield in that city January 26th, and the Judge fixed the time for the execution at San Quentin Prison, June 1st.

The Eastern demand for lumber and shingles has increased so rapidly that the Northern Pacific Railroad is unable to handle all lumber traffic offered it. The lumber and shingle shipments by rail from Washington last year aggregated 80,000 carloads.

The peach crop of the district around Hanford is said to have been blighted and curl leaf is forming. The growers will investigate under the advice of an expert horticulturist. The crop will not be up to the average. Other fruits promise well.

Governor Pardee has commuted the sentence of John Murphy, sentenced to life imprisonment in San Quentin in February, 1902, for robbery, to ten years. At the time of Murphy's conviction the law arbitrarily imposed such punishment for such an offense.

The Merchants' Protective Association of Hanford is actively engaged in booming the town. It has planned to extend the association by taking in business men of other towns in the county. The body is arranging to hold a great Fourth of July celebration in Hanford this year.

A party of claim jumpers was driven from Fairview, forty miles from Fallon, Nev., at the point of a pistol. A location monument was erected on the town site and removed at the point of a gun. A vigilance committee has been formed. The cool action of a deputy sheriff prevented a pitched battle.

Nicholas Kunzler celebrated his release from jail at Los Angeles and at the same time got revenge on his wife by setting fire to the family home and burning it to the ground. The property is in his wife's name and the house and contents were valued at about \$4000. It is insured for half that amount. Kunzler was again arrested.

An attempt was made to crack the safe in G. W. Allgaier's grocery store at Colusa, but the burglars became frightened and fled before the job was finished. The only loot secured was \$2 from the till. An entrance was effected by prying open the back door. The first door of the safe was drilled, but the second door failed to yield.

As a sequel to a collision between an automobile and a Boyle Heights car on East First street, Los Angeles, November 4th, in which Mrs. Lulu Austin and Mrs. May Tuffes were killed, suit for \$40,000 damages was filed in the Superior Court by Edith Myrtle Balcom, the 11-year-old daughter of Mrs. Austin and sole heir to the Austin estate.

John Solani, who was convicted of murder in the second degree for the killing of J. Guidotti at Sonoma two years ago, was sentenced at Santa Rosa to ten years at San Quentin. Solani was first convicted of manslaughter, and after serving one year at Folsom, where he had been sent for ten years, secured a new trial. A second conviction followed.

Nathan A. Arnold, a pioneer miner of Tuolumne county, was found dead near his mine at Yankee Hill. He left his home at Columbia and evi-

ENORMOUS ARMY OF IMMIGRANTS LANDS IN NEW YORK IN ONE DAY

Twelve Thousand Aliens, Half of Whom Are Girls Seeking Service.

New York.—The largest number of immigrants ever brought to an American port in one day came into New York harbor last Thursday, and at one time it seemed that even the great man-handling machinery of Ellis island would be clogged. The total receipts of material for citizenship was 12,383.

To the immigration officials this rush is inexplicable. Always in the spring the tide of incoming Europeans is at its greatest, but this year the high-water mark seems to be reached fully six weeks before the usual time. With all the talk as to undesirable immigrants it was a pleasant surprise to the immigration officials when one steamship landed 1017 third-class passengers, of whom more than 50 per cent were Irish, for the Irish are regarded as very desirable immigrants.

Five other steamships brought immigrants principally from the south of Europe. Almost half the entire number of immigrants are young girls, who are seeking employment as servants.

Hundreds of Chickens Burned.

Colusa.—The buildings on the Feather chicken ranch owned by Mrs. Ida Nesmith at Princeton were destroyed by fire. A loft containing over 300 carrier pigeons, a brooder-house with 300 chickens, incubators and brooders and six tons of grain were also burned.

Hottentots Surprise Germans.

Berlin.—The Hottentots in German Southwest Africa have surprised a German detachment of an officer and sixteen men. The officer and three men were killed, four men were wounded, one man is missing and one man escaped.

dently became bewildered in a storm and died from exposure. His death occurred near the scene where, several years ago, he dug \$70,000 out of the ground. He was 73 years of age and a native of Rhode Island.

The California Cannery Association, which has entered the raisin field in active competition with the Mercantile packing combination, has advanced the price of raisins to 3 1/2 cents a pound. The Mercantile people announced that 3 cents was all they would pay. The cannery say they will build packing-houses of sufficient capacity to handle the entire raisin crop.

William Goosen, who owns considerable tule land a few miles from Vallejo, has fled an action in the Superior Court against the Field and Tule Club. The plaintiff seeks to recover \$500 damages. The complaint states that the defendant entered upon certain lands owned by plaintiff and destroyed the pasture by burning off the tule, and also by letting in water through the flood gates.

The United States Government has accepted the offer of the Washington Irrigation Company to sell the Sunnyside canal and lateral works, the largest private irrigation system in the Northwest, located in Yakima and Benton counties, for \$250,000. The Government, which already has approved the Tieton and Yakima irrigation projects, will water 125,000 acres of arid lands in Washington, sending \$2,500,000 within the next three years.

A posse of policemen was turned out at Lewiston, Idaho, in response to an emergency call from the residential section stating that a half nude man had dashed through the streets, conducting himself in such a manner as to excite alarm on the theory that the man was a dangerous lunatic. A mounted officer ran down the suspect to find he was a member of the State Normal School track team in training for long-distance racing, and wearing the regulation running attire.

Six representatives of a Russian colonization scheme are in the Paloverde Valley, in Riverside county, with a view to locating 1000 colonists on 25,000 acres of land. The land is a part of the famous Blythe estate. Under the proposed terms of purchase the colonists will be given an opportunity to pay half the cost of the land in labor. The party has been in the country but three months. The Russians are in native costume and carry a supply of black bread and dried fish, that they may be independent of American hotels. The interpreter said the Russians thought very favorably of the site offered.

COUNTY GAME LAW.

The Dates on Which Game and Fish May Be Taken or Killed.

Following are the open Game seasons as issued by the San Mateo County Fish and Game Protective Association:

Cottontail or Bush Rabbits.	July 1 to Feb. 1
Rail.	October 15 to Nov. 16
Hunting with boats one hour before or after high tide prohibited.	
Deer.	August 1 to October 1
Trout.	April 1 to November 1
Not more than 100 to be caught in one calendar day.	
The killing of Tree or Pine Squirrels, the shooting of Song Birds or robbing their nests is prohibited.	
The seasons fixed by the State law for all other game apply to San Mateo County.	

Violations of the game laws will be punished by fine or imprisonment. A reward of \$25 will be paid for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of offenders.

STATE GAME LAW.

The open season for shooting Valley or Mountain Quail, Partridge, Grouse, Sage Hen, or any kind of Wild Duck, or any Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover, or Deer, as fixed by the State law, is as follows:

Valley Quail, Partridge, Sage Hen, Wild Duck, Rail, Curlew, Ibis or Plover	October 15 to Feb. 15
Mountain Quail and Grouse.	Sept. 1 to Feb. 15
Doves.	July 1 to Feb. 15
Tree Squirrel.	July 1 to Jan. 1
Male Deer.	July 15 to Nov. 1
Pheasant and Meadow Lark, killing prohibited.	April 1 to Nov. 1
Steelhead (in tidewater) closed	February 1 to April 1 and September 10 to October 16
Striped Bass.	Three pounds
Black Bass.	July 1 to Jan. 1
Salmon.	Oct. 15 to Sept. 10
Lobster or Crawfish.	Aug. 15 to April 1
Shrimp.	Sept. 1 to May 1
Crabs 6 inches across back.	Oct. 31 to Sept. 1
Turgeon and Female Crab.	Prohibited
Abalone.	Less than 15 inches round

Still at Work Though Over Century Old

Redding.—Jasper Fource, a wood-chopper living near Ashland, claims to be 106 years old, and no one in the community where he has lived for a good many years discredits his story. He was born at the dawn of the nineteenth century, and cast his first vote for John Quincy Adams in 1824. He farmed for a few years, and then went to sea, following the life of a sailor for thirty-five years. Fource is an advocate of the simple life, and his strong physique and keen sensibilities show plainly what simple food and outdoor life will do for a person. He never has been addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, though he admits that he has used tobacco and drunk cider ever since he can remember. He is at present hired out to a farmer, for whom he chops wood and does odd chores. He cut 150 cords of wood last year, and expects to equal the record the present season.

Ranchers to Reclaim Marsh Lands.

Vallejo.—Articles of incorporation of the Sacramento River Land and Asparagus Company have been filed with the County Clerk. The company is composed of prominent ranchers in this district for the purpose of reclaiming their marsh land and raising farm, orchard, vineyard and garden produce of all kinds. The directors are Peter Cook and H. G. Perry of this county and P. M. Maher of San Francisco. The capital stock is placed at \$1,000,000, the shares having a par value of \$500 each.

Russian Strikers Punished.

Chita, Russia.—Governor-General Rennenkampf commuted the sentence of death imposed upon thirteen postal officials, who had been involved in the recent strike, to various terms of penal servitude, and, in some cases, to exile.

Cyrus Noble

The World famous American whiskey.

A perfect distillation of the best grain.

Aged in wood.

Of a soft mellow flavor.

Absolutely pure.

THE ENTERPRISE

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

Hazing at Annapolis doesn't seem to be such a serious matter after all.

"I may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," is a poor excuse for stealing.

Be kind to the rich. Think of the troubles they have with such people as Colonel Mann.

What we need is a revival of that moral code that called a liar a liar, whether he was big or little.

Mr. Cleveland has decided to keep his \$12,000 insurance job. A great deal of bait can be purchased with \$12,000.

A German professor says there is considerable alcohol in sawdust. Now watch the tramps crowd around the sawmills.

A Pittsburg firm wants permission to pipe oil across the Isthmus of Panama. The country is more interested in getting water across it.

Of course, if Tom Lawson had not been gadding around the country on other business the copper trust would never have dared to be formed.

A French battleship collided with a submarine the other day and had to put in for repairs. It is an able navy that can keep its own ships afloat.

When it gets time the government might take up the question of the feasibility of placing a label or some distinguishing mark on the cold-storage egg.

The naval academy may abandon jiu-jitsu. Well, as long as it retains bushido—Japanese for honor and rectitude—there will be no special complaint.

A New York judge is "tired of the denunciation of commercialism, which is the best thing in the world." In its proper place, your honor. How would it strike you on the bench?

The joke about the "father-in-law of Europe" has gone to its long rest, but the old, reliable, mother-in-law joke will continue to circulate in Europe, America, Asia, Africa and the islands of the sea.

One of the things that Russell Sage says he would do, if he had his life to live over again, would be to make a closer study of charity. How prone we all are to think that our happiness might have lain along the paths of life which we have never pursued.

The fallibility of medical science is illustrated by the recent report of the statistical committee for London hospitals, showing that during the last year there had been nearly 2,000 cases of mistaken diagnosis and that caring for patients who ought never to have been admitted had cost \$60,000.

War with Japan, according to official figures, cost Russia more than a billion dollars. The estimated expenditures for 1906 are a quarter of a billion more than the estimated receipts. Not since our Civil War has any nation had a greater complexity of problems to face. America weathered the worst of the troubles of the year 1865. No one can predict what may happen to Russia, or what a revolutionary government might do with the national debt.

The census returns show that 5,000,000 and more women are employed in the nation's industrial life. There are now three times as many women stenographers as there were ten years ago, while the number of women bookkeepers and accountants has doubled. The percentage of sales women also shows a corresponding increase. Women have risen to be treasurers of street railways, presidents of national and savings banks, secretaries of financiers on salaries of \$10,000 and \$12,000, executive heads of building and contracting firms, buyers for large stores, etc.

Occasional reference to a thermometer might not be amiss in the households, the public buildings and the business establishments in which the temperature is permitted to soar up to summer heat while the doors and windows that admit the outside air, that will keep the indoor atmosphere fresh and pure, are almost hermetically sealed. Coddling in the form of too much bundling up of the throat and chest is as prolific a source of colds as insufficiency of clothing. Lack of exercise in the open air has much to do with reducing the power of resistance against the whole category of diseases that are summed up under the name of colds. A brisk walk every day in the open air, without regard to the weather, is one of the best preventives against colds.

Japan is rapidly pushing its way forward, and already is recognized in the family of nations as an equal. Late in December the charge d'affaires of Japan in Washington informed the Secretary of State that the Mikado had appointed Viscount Suizo Aoki as ambassador to the United States. Hitherto Japan has been represented here as in other countries by a diplomat of no higher rank than minister plenipotentiary. Under provisions of law the President has power, now that Japan has acted, to raise the American legation in Tokyo to the rank of an em-

bassy. Japan is planning to send ambassadors to London and to Berlin, as well as to Washington. No ambitious American ever rose more rapidly in the social scale than the Japanese. It is less than ten years since the Japanese courts were regarded as having become civilized enough to try foreigners without the intervention of the consul representing the nation of the accused, and now the Japanese are receiving the respect due to equals in the discussion of international affairs.

In the laudable and humane crusade against tuberculosis there is not enough account taken of pneumonia, a disease which is not merely a scourge in itself, but which is the predisposing cause of a large proportion of cases of pulmonary tuberculosis. The man who outlives an attack of pneumonia, no matter if he makes what is termed a complete recovery, is always especially susceptible to tuberculosis of the lungs. Yet if the medical experts really know much about pneumonia they are remarkably successful in keeping their knowledge to themselves. There is small advance in the treatment of the disease; there is, apparently, none at all in its prophylaxis. Therapeutics is at a standstill. Pneumonia kills more and more people every year. It continues to upset accepted theories. It used to be held, for instance, that pneumonia was a cold-weather disease, thriving most vigorously in slush, wet and a raw atmosphere, but that theory has been pretty badly damaged by the spread of the disease. Pneumonia flourishes all the year round, and in climates where the supposedly typical conditions are entirely absent. It is found in the dry, aseptic regions of New Mexico and Arizona. It is unpleasantly prevalent in Southern California, where it is most active, not during the rainy season, but in dry weather. The only place, indeed, where it has not found its way seems to be in the arctic regions. No pneumonia has been reported by the polar expeditions, yet according to the old theory the extreme north is the very place where it should thrive. Something seems to be wrong with the germ theory of the disease, too. The experts declare it to be highly infectious and contagious, yet they admit that an examination of the throats of a given number of men would disclose the presence of the pneumococcus, or pneumonia germ, in a large proportion of them. Why is it that these subjects do not contract pneumonia? It is, perhaps, true that a good many of them do contract it, but why not all of them? When we come to the treatment of the disease it is admitted to be more good luck than anything else that pulls the patient through. The best medical skill is powerless. If the patient's vital force is sufficient to fight off the disease he recovers, if not he dies and all the physicians in the world cannot save him. Thus it appears that there is no positive means of prevention and there is certainly none of cure. As for the bacteriology of the disease, it is, to say the least, mixed. Yet, as has been said, pneumonia is the elder brother of pulmonary tuberculosis, besides being a deadly plague in itself. It is the terror of urban communities in particular, and it increases its scope steadily. If there is any one subject to which medical attention should be directed, it is this slayer, which has for its chosen victim the man in the prime of his powers. There is no disorder more deadly.

Milton's Burial Place.

When Milton died, on November 8, 1674, he was buried in St. Giles, Cripplegate, says the London Tatler, though his remains were distributed in 1790, it is said, and it is not quite certain now where he actually lies. Earlier still the uncertainty seems to have existed, for Aubrey tells us quaintly "His stone is now removed; about two years since (now 1681) the two steps to the communion table were raised. I ghesse Jo Speed and he lie together." Still at the risk of gazing at "Jo Speed's" resting place by mistake, St. Giles should be visited to-day, for the whole neighborhood speaks of Milton. It was quite near, in Bartholomew close, that he lay hid after the restoration till he was pardoned; quite near, in Aldersgate street, that he took the "pretty garden house at the end of an Entry" that suited his studies, being the quietest street in London—"excellent for the studies, no doubt, but perhaps the reason for the flight of his frivolous young wife."—London Chronicle.

Out of the Long Ago.

Pocahontas had just performed the rescue act.

"And your name?" she asked.

"John Smith," he replied.

Crazed with grief over the thought that the man she had rescued was not named Reginald Worthington, she gave a low sob and crept from the scene.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Rockefeller Home Simple.

Simplicity and economy are the keynote of the furnishing of the Rockefeller home in New York City. There is no elaborate system of electric bells, no elevators and no frills about anything. Mrs. Rockefeller prefers climbing the stairs to having an elevator put in.

A Deliberate Opinion.

"Do you believe in transmigration of souls?"

"Well," answered the man who never admits that he doesn't know everything, "I wouldn't recommend it as a regular practice."—Washington Star.

Laugh at a man's joke, even if you have heard it before. Laugh because you are not his wife, who hears it every day.



Horse Blanket.

A horse blanket particularly adapted to draft animals is the invention of a Seattle man. This blanket is so ventilated that undue accumulation of animal heat under the blanket is prevented. This is accomplished by having openings in that portion of the horse. The openings being at the highest point occupied by the blanket when arranged on the animal, the rising animal heat passes off freely. To



prevent water or snow from gaining access through these openings there is used a shield, which is supported above the openings by a skeleton wire frame. The reins for guiding the horse are held in place in the frame. The shield, which is made of fabric, is of greater width than the openings, thoroughly protecting the animal. Such a blanket would be suitable for livestock of any kind.

Building Up a Beef Herd.

It is important to have cattle of good individual quality and to have this backed up by good pedigrees. But it is equally important that their environment be right, writes a New York farmer in American Agriculturist. A farm that is naturally poor and grows poor crops can only develop stock of poor quality. I am positive of this. The farm on which my cattle are kept is considered one of the best in the county and is not getting any poorer with the large amount of manure my stock make. It is not what could be called high ground, but almost level and well drained. This soil is underlaid with limestone, similar to the limestone and blue grass lands of Kentucky, that have long been famous for the stock that came from them.

The Honey Muskmelon.

One of the astonishing things in vegetable growing or rather in growing vegetables for the express purpose of supplying the consumer, is the utter indifference shown by the grower to the matter of quality. The same thing applies to fruit. It would be excusable if there were no other sorts, but when there are a dozen more or less far better than the varieties offered it is strange, indeed, they are not grown. A family well known to the writer was especially fond of muskmelons and bought them in large quantities until all that were offered them were so poor in quality they stopped using them and the producer lost valuable trade. The Honey melon, which has been tested for three years past, is one of the promising new sorts. It is a nicely formed melon, the skin green and the flesh a yellowish green. The flesh is firm and deep and of a



sweet, spicy flavor, decidedly pleasing to the taste. If it does as well in general planting as on small plats, and there is no good reason why it should not, it will be a variety that should be extensively planted in all sections where the muskmelon may be grown. It will certainly please the consumer.

To Keep Sweet Potatoes.

When you have no cellar that will keep all the sweet potatoes you need, wash and fill a boiler full of potatoes, cover with cold water, place them over the fire and boil until you can pierce them with a fork. Remove from boiler and scrape the peeling off; slice very thin and spread on newspaper and dry them in the sun like fruit. Soak before cooking. Add a little sugar and butter, and you will have a nice breakfast dish.

Fat in Milk.

The percentage of fat in milk from a single cow may vary, one day giving different results from the next. In an experiment with a choice Jersey cow the milk was found to range from 4.45 per cent to 5.83 per cent. A single test with a cow may, therefore, be of no value, as in the one case more milk would be required to make a pound of butter than in the other, as was shown in the variation in fat with the above experiment.

To Fight Boll Weevil.

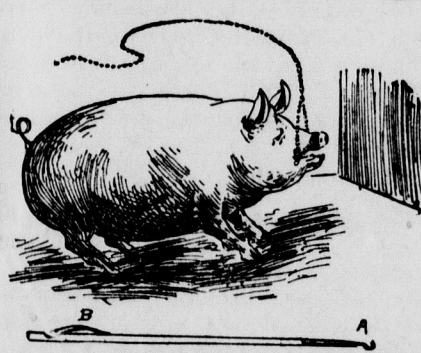
Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, asks in his report to Congress that \$105,500 be appropriated as the boll weevil item for the following year. It is proposed that the Secretary be authorized to expend the appropriation in such manner as he shall deem best, in co-operation with the State experiment stations and practical cotton growers. Of the special appropriation of \$195,000 which was made for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1906, \$105,000 has been used by the Bureau of Plant Industry in the study of cotton diseases, diversification and co-operation with the various experiment stations in extending the improved cultural methods. It is recommended that this appropriation be continued, not as a separate item, but as a part of the regular bureau funds. It is highly important, the Secretary of Agriculture adds, that the investigation on breeding of new cottons, the general propaganda work on improved cultural methods, the study of the diseases and diversification of crops, be continued and extended into other Southern States likely to be invaded by the weevil. The object of this appropriation is to enable the department to continue this work.

Milk Pays More than Butter.

The following, with reference to the decline of butter manufacture in England, is from Hon. Frank W. Mahin, United States consul at Nottingham, England: "One plausible explanation of the manifest decline in dairying in England is that it is more profitable to sell the milk, the drinking of which is increasing, than to convert it into butter. Consequently the average British farmer is making no butter to sell, but is even buying what he needs for his own use. Furthermore, it is asserted that some English dairies buy foreign butter and sell it as their own product—the domestic article, though inferior, in the judgment of many consumers, commanding a higher price than the foreign."

Ringed Unruly Hogs.

When the sows get unruly and inclined to make trouble of various kinds they can be readily controlled by an arrangement made of ropes and placed around the jaws of the animal. Such a rope is not easy to put in position with an angry hog, so a little device made of an old broom handle is used. Insert a small hook in one end of the handle and near the other end nail a



FOR RINGING THE HOGS.

strap, which fastened so as to form a loop, will enable one to get a firmer grip on the handle. Then take the rope and make a slip noose in one end, hang it from the hook on the end of the small pole and, with a quick movement, place the loop over and around the upper jaw, when the mouth is forced open. Take hold of the rope with one hand just above the noose and with the help of the ringer insert the ring or rings on the snout. The animal will be unable to fight much with this appliance around its jaw. The illustration shows the details of the method of having the loop over the jaw.

Demand for Trotters.

The breeding of hackneys may answer for men of great wealth and large incomes, but the average American farmer will find it much more profitable to breed from the best of trotting stock, says American Cultivator. He should aim to produce animals of good size, high intelligence, pleasant disposition, a pure trotting gait and high, all round action. There is always a good demand for such animals and at prices that will insure a profit to the man who breeds and raises them, provided they are properly educated to harness and well fitted for the market.

Wheat the Best Sheep Food.

Some of the experiment stations find that a pound of wheat in feeding has more nutriment than a pound of any other grain. In corn there is 8 per cent of digestible protein, barley 8.69 per cent, oats 9.25 per cent, rye 9.12, while wheat has 10.23 per cent. An English authority estimates wheat fed to lambs is worth about 76 cents per bushel. The Indiana station realized 77 cents a bushel for wheat fed to sheep.

Roots Good for Poultry.

Roots of all kinds can be fed to poultry with advantage in the winter time to supply green food. It is a good practice to split the roots and allow the hens to pick out the contents. Where the roots are small drive a nail through one end and into a board or the side of the house to prevent them from being dragged around and soiled.

Cure for Limberneck.

For limberneck in fowls try one tablespoonful of copperas dissolved in each two gallons of drinking water. Maggots from decaying animal matter are said to produce limberneck in fowls. This is doubtful, but as a matter of precaution would suggest that any carcass that may be around be buried.



"What are you waiting for?" asked the pretty cook of the groceryman, after he had deposited his packages. "I'm not going to give you back them egg boxes."

"Don't talk to me about egg boxes," said the groceryman. "I've got something more serious than egg boxes on my mind. How do you think I'm looking this mornin'?"

"About the same as usual," replied the cook. "Your cheeks' swelled some, but I guess it's that dirty tobacco. You haven't got the toothache again, have you?"

"No," said the groceryman, rather slowly. "It ain't the toothache. Is my collar clean?"

It don't look as if you'd worn it more than five or six days. Why?"

"I put it on fresh this mornin'," said the groceryman. "Let me see your lookin' glass. Never mind. Stand still an' I can see myself in your eyes."

"I'll fool you," said the cook.

"Evelina," said the groceryman, "I believe you're lyin', but that's neither here nor there. The point is that you promised to be a sister to me. I want to tell you a secret. I've picked me out a queen."

"That's good," said the cook, indifferently. "Talkin' about queens, I want some queen olives. Have you got any in bulk?"

"I ain't talkin' about olives. I'm a givin' you a tender confidence."

The cook looked at him.

"It's a case," said the groceryman. "Better to take a case than a dozen," said the cook. "It comes cheaper."

"You make me tired."

"Go outside and set down on the step and rest yourself," suggested the cook. "If you've got anythin' to say, say it."

"Haven't I said it? Say! It's fierce the way I'm feelin'. I'm struck all of a heap. She's the only one."

"I've heard that before."

"That was because I didn't know my own heart. No, Evelina, I know I said fond an' foolish things to you, an' maybe I thought I meant 'em at the time, but what I felt then wasn't nothin' to the way I'm affected now."

"Is that so?"

"Sure. I didn't know it was in me. I guess I mightn't never have known if I hadn't seen her. It wouldn't have been drawn out of me."

"Maybe not," remarked the cook.

"Did it hurt when it was drawn?"

"It hurts for you to talk like that," said the groceryman. "Say, Evelina, I

ain't touchin' no tender spot, am I? This don't make you feel bad, does it?"

"Awful bad. I'm all broke up."

"I'm sorry," said the groceryman, sympathetically.

"Don't mind my feelin's," said the cook.

"She's the real thing," said the groceryman. "You ain't bad-lookin', Evelina, when a feller gets used to your face, but, say!"

"Is it the red-headed girl at 32?"

"Oh, come off! Her! Not much. She's got brown hair an' brown eyes an' complexion like strawberries an' cream. Style to her, too. Soon's I seen her, I says to myself, 'She can have you!'"

"She's lucky, ain't she?"

"She don't know it yet."

"You ought to tell her about it."

"I ain't in no rush," said the groceryman. "It ain't always the best way to push things. She's young yet, an' I am, too, an' then I've got a few things to do afore I put in a bid."

"You ain't treatin' her right," said the cook. "You're jest keepin' her anxious, an' maybe she'll go into a decline an' pine away an' die. How long have you been goin' with her?"

"I ain't what you might exactly call goin' with her yet. It ain't regularly come to that. As I was sayin', I ain't in no rush. No, I've only seen her the one time. That was day before yesterday. I guess I'll see her to-day, but I ain't right sure."

"What did she say to you?"

"She didn't say anythin'. She looked at me all right, but we didn't enter into no conversation. I'm goin' at it easy."

"I'll bet it's that old maid that works in the delicatessen."

"That's where you're off. She don't work nowhere. She don't have to work. She's got money to burn."

"What makes you think so?"

"I don't think so. I know it. She's old man Gutterson's daughter, and I guess his pile ain't far short of \$10,000,000. I see her a comin' down the steps goin' out to her automobile as I was gettin' out of the wagon, an', as I say, she struck me all of a heap. I jest stood an' looked at her an' she wouldn't take any bluff; she jest looked right back at me. I'm goin' to call for orders this mornin', an' maybe she'll be in the kitchen. But if she is I ain't goin' to rush things too hard at first."

"I wouldn't," advised the cook. "You jest hang back an' let her do the rushin'."—Chicago Daily News.

MANNERS IN AMERICA.

Present Glaring Defects Deprive Society of Power.

The manners of the "young person" of America have been so long a target for foreign criticism that it must be a wonder to our transatlantic friends that our older generation (who must once have been young) have anything admirable left, aside from the extraordinary energy which, with a little aid from natural resources, good crops, and a variety of climate, has given us a certain pre-eminence in material wealth. Manners are simply a refinement of amiability—"Just the art of being kind," which, as Mrs. Wilcox says, "is all this sad world needs"—but note! an art. A prominent English student of the United States has said that, on the whole, Americans are the least cruel people in the world. The absence of cruelty may be said to be the passive principle of kindness, and a very good foundation on which to begin a structure of manners. But much remains to do if we are to attain to the fine arts of social conduct—that supremacy of graciousness which is the bloom upon the fruit of the highest civilization. Without manners life becomes, under whatever glossy name, a vulgar scramble for the trough.

A fundamental principle of social intercourse is, within the range of self-respect, deference—not deference to the point of weak complaisance or obsequiousness, but consideration of each in the true measure of his worth or needs; deference to parents, to the aged, to women, to persons of real distinction, to guests—nay, to one of a casual encounter—the guest, as it were, of the passing moment. This is true humility, that Lost Pleiad of the virtues, and it may consist with the firmest character. With the change of regimes and forms of government this code of deference changes its gradations, but it is as necessary to a democracy as to an empire.

Will any one say, that in this seething new world, in a flood of immigration, such never before has been witnessed, and in the sudden elevation to opportunity, through newly acquired wealth, of thousands who clamor for the "open door" of society, American manners are growing in refinement and charm? We yield to no one in loyalty to the admirable types of women and men which America produces; at their best there are none finer. What we are considering is the average. Nor are we now engaged with the kindergarten of society: the knowledge of how to enter or leave a drawing room, or the passing of the small change of conversation, etc., things that may be taken either too seriously or not seriously enough. The main question is: Has our conception of society kept pace with our opportunities, or has it fal-

len behind? Have we, for instance, the French esteem for things intellectual, by which a writer or artist of distinction, or a great scientist, takes precedence of the merely rich? Is the man who serves the state faithfully, whether in or out of office, as welcome, his social acceptability being equal, as the polished manipulator of great financial enterprises? We need not go across the ocean for traditions of a society ruled by the higher types of mind and taste. Cities like Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, New Orleans, St. Louis, each in its individual way, were once conspicuous in the cultivation of what we now know as old-time gentility. They had then as now a firmly drawn line of exclusion, but is it to-day as inimical to the purse-proud, or the scheming promoter, or the vulgar rich?

Not until after the present unsettled era of prosperity shall have been succeeded by the repose of normal conditions will society be in the way of discovering and remedying the glaring defects that deprive it of the power which should belong to it.—Century.

"Would Better," or "Had Better."

The use of "would better," instead of "had better," and that of "none" with the plural or singular verb, are some of the idiosyncrasies of language discussed by Prof. Lounsbury, of Yale, in Harper's Magazine. With his usual fearless candor the author assails those who attempt to "schoolmaster" speech by disregarding the usage of the best writers and advancing instead their own individual pedantic theories. Prof. Lounsbury points out that "had better" is used by the Bible, Shakespeare, Bacon and Browning—except in a certain poem where Browning changed it to "would better" to please the "magisterial authority" of Landor, whose judgment in matters of language Prof. Lounsbury avers was more whimsical than authoritative. He further attacks those word critics who insist upon harking back to the word's derivation to find its true meaning—a method which, as many students know, does not always stand the test of time. For instance, the word December must from its derivation stand for the tenth month, but any schoolboy will deny that it does.

Foolish Clerk.

Druggist—Our new clerk doesn't seem to have any common sense.

Assistant—Is he likely to make bad breaks?

Druggist—Is he? Say, he'd sell carbolic acid to a wild-eyed lunatic he never saw before and trust him for the money.—Cleveland Leader.

So much is said about the fascinating chorus girls that we wonder their managers do not advertise a particularly pretty bunch as "Home Wreckers."



Poor Boys Become Presidents.

The second President of the United States, John Adams, was the son of a farmer of moderate means, who was compelled to work constantly for the support of his family. When, at the age of 21, the son graduated at Harvard College, his education was his only capital for his start in active life.

Andrew Jackson was born in a log hut in extreme poverty. He grew up in the woods of North Carolina, living in the home of a relative, where his mother worked to support herself and her three children.

James K. Polk, the eleventh President, spent his early life on a new farm in the wilderness of North Carolina. His father placed him in a store, with the intention that he should enter the mercantile life; but his dislike for business was so great that, at the age of 18, he was sent to the Murfreesborough Academy to fit for college.

Millard Fillmore was the son of a New York farmer, and his home was a humble one. When he was 14 years old he was sent away from home to learn the business of a clothier. But five years later he entered a law office, and at the age of 23 he was admitted to the bar.

James Buchanan was born in a small town of the Allegheny Mountains. His father was poor, and by his own ax built his home in the wilderness. When James was 8 years old he was placed at school, and six years later entered Dickinson College, where he graduated with the highest honors.

It is well known that Abraham Lincoln was the son of parents who were the poorest of the poor. Till he was more than 21 his home was a log cabin. His attendance at school was limited to a few months. From early life he was compelled to depend on himself, not only for his living, but also for his success in his business and his profession.

At the age of 10 Andrew Johnson was apprenticed to a tailor. Previously his mother had supported him by her own labor. He was never able, it is said, to attend school. His education he gained by his own efforts at night, after working all day at his trade, and by the help of his wife.

The early home of General Grant, also, on the banks of the Ohio, more than fifty years ago was without many of the comforts of civilized life. Till he was 17, when he was sent to West Point, he lived the life of a common boy in a common home.

James A. Garfield, like so many of his predecessors, was born in a log hut. When he was a year and a half old his father died. The family was poor. When he had scarcely entered his teens he was doing a man's work in the harvest field. He learned the carpenter's trade. He worked on the Ohio canal. He was determined, however, to have an education, and, leaving his plane and scythe, he worked his way through the preparatory school, and, with some help from his friends, was able to graduate at Williams College.

The lives of many of the Presidents prove that no boy is so poor but that he may hope to attain the highest honors which the American people can give.—Philadelphia Ledger.

When Papa Is Away.



Darling papa, here is I
Writing you a letter;
And I hope 'at you will try
To write me on 'at's better;
For I don't know what to say,
Les' I say I love you,
An' when you are far away
I gets awful blue.
Here I put a great big kiss
On this black ink blot,
So I know you cannot miss
Finding the right spot.
Now I hug you very tight;
I'm so sleepy—so good-night.

According to Dorothy.

Dorothy is a sweet little maid of two and a half. Her father never carries a cane, and when a caller came in with one one day she was observed standing before it rapt in contemplation.

"Well, Dorothy," said her mother, "what's that?"

Dorothy looked up with a puzzled expression. "Umbrella without any clothes on," said she.—Lippincott's.

The Story of a Nursery Rhyme.

Every one knows the rhyme, "Sing a song of sixpence," but very few people have any idea that it is anything but a nursery jingle. It is, however, an ancient and interesting allegory.

The four and twenty blackbirds represent the hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, and its crust is the sky which overarches it. The opening of the pie signifies the dawn, when the birds begin to sing, which is indeed a sight for any king.

The king, who is represented as "sitting in the counting house count-

ing out his money," is the sun, and the golden pieces which slip from his fingers are the golden sunbeams.

The queen, sitting in her parlor, is the moon, and the honey is the moonlight.

The diligent maid, who is at work in the garden before the sun, her king, has arisen, is the daybreak, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds. The blackbird which comes by and ends the song by nipping off her nose is the sunset. Thus we have the whole day in a pie, if not in a nutshell.

A Metagram.

A metagram is a puzzle in which various letters are changed. I am an animal; change my first and I fly, my second and I am another animal, my third and I am an inhabitant of South Africa, my fourth and I am a small ship.

Answer—Boar, soar, bear, Boer, boat.

How It Originated.

Do you know that the expression, "Sure as eggs is eggs," was never meant to be as ungrammatical as it sounds? The original was sure as X is X.

KINGDOM OF BORNEO NO MORE.

Great Britain Adds Another to Her List of Possessions.

The ancient kingdom from which the great island of Borneo derives its name ceased to exist Jan. 1, 1906, and Great Britain made yet another addition to her over-sea possessions, for this, of course, in crude words, is the interpretation of the diplomatic announcement that "an agreement had been concluded with the Sultan which provides for the appointment of a British resident, with powers to control the general administration of the state," says the New York Herald.

The conclusion was long foregone. There is no combination service in the law of nations, and the white man has been busy removing the eastern potentate's landmarks for many years past. Southwestward the British North Borneo Company has been pushing until its boundaries rested on Brunel bay, while the territory of Sarawak has been as steadily working to the northeast. Nipped between these two opposing forces, the ultimate fate of Brunel was only a matter of time, and, after existing finally as a mere strip of territory on either side of its solitary river, it has at length come to form a part of Greater Britain.

Very different was Brunel in the days when we first hear of it. Var thema touched here 1505, but only long enough to remark that the people were "Ydolaters of sharp wyt, and manner of luyung not greatly to be discommended." It is to Pigafetta, Magellan's friend and comrade, that we owe the first real account of the place. Here he was royally entertained by the king, who had numbers of trained elephants and horses, forts with heavy ordnance, gold vessels and spoons, silk embroidery, porcelain dishes, and, in short, all the adjuncts of a high civilization—a good deal of it, no doubt, borrowed from the Chinese, whose money was in sole use. These people were Mohammedan Malays, who must have established themselves on the islands centuries before, for the Dayaks were the subject race even in the south, Malay rule extending, nominally at least, throughout the island.

Brunel, like Labuan, which is now to be administered with it, is rarely visited by travelers, but it is, nevertheless, one of the most remarkable cities of the far east, being built entirely on piles in the water, in a lake-like reach of the river, and thus meriting the title, frequently conferred upon it, of the Venice of the east. Vessels anchor in its main streets, and the children can swim almost before they know how to walk. Its market is not less singular—a dense pack of canoes, now dispersing, now swarming like a hive of bees, the occupants being nearly all women, wearing hats as big as umbrellas. The busy scene, the incessant shouts of the crowds and the marvelous dexterity of the paddling are not likely to be soon forgotten by the spectator. But there is little in the way of trade in Brunel. Coal, indeed, there is, and in this respect the British territories in Borneo may some day prove a very useful asset, but otherwise they can not be said to produce much except creeses.

Unmoved.

"Isn't this hazing something dreadful?" said the solicitous parent.

"Well," observed Farmer Cortossel, "you must consider that the boy that's at school standin' on his head or doin' exercises to expand his chest ain't plowin' eleven miles a day in the hot sun, nor gettin' blisters on his hands with a scythe."—Washington Star.

Invitations.

The postman passes on his daily round, And envy then gnaws at the aching heart,
Ah, bitter is the day when it is found That of the Smart Set some are not quite smart.
—Indianapolis News.

In after years when a man meets his first love he is happy in the belief that it were better to have loved and lost.

No man can love two women simultaneously—after one of them finds it out.

KNOW THE HORSES YOU BUY.

Points One Should Notice When Selecting an Animal for Purchase.

Never have a horse brought out or up or down to you, but go to his stall and investigate for yourself certain details which, once you know them, require no special acumen to decide upon or to be aware of, says the Rochester Herald. For instance, is there grain in the manger and the hour of feeding some time past? He may be a bad feeder, nervous, delicate. Is the straw under his fore feet unusually trampled or broken?

He may be one of these irritable, nervous "weavers" (horses which constantly sway from side to side), who are generally also bad feeders and poor property. Are the stall posts or sides battered or kicked? He may be a kicker (by day or night, spilling his own rest and that of other horses). Does he tear or eat his blankets? Is he tied in any special way or simply as other horses are? Is he gentle to approach and to handle—no nipping, kicking or pulling back on the halter?

Does he stand square on both fore feet or rest one or both alternately? Does he back quietly from the stall, picking up each hind leg without sudden spasmodic jerking? And when he turns in the gateway does he do so smoothly or does he flinch (in front) as if the boards were not even or his feet hurt him more or less. Are his eyes staring and expressionless, his ears always forward?—indications of defective vision.

Once out of the stall notice that he submits quietly to being wiped over and betrays no resentment while harnessing at accepting the bit, bridle, crupper, etc., etc., decorously permitting all necessary alterations and adjustments. Accept no departure from absolute docility of deportment; for be sure that if the animal betrays either excitability, nervousness or vice in the dealer's hands he will be far worse with you, for you know you don't know and he will know you don't know—and those combinations spell trouble.

In the same way see him led out and put to the vehicle to which he is to be driven, noting each stage of the process, viewing him always with the icily critical eye of the individual who does not (yet) own him. Excuse nothing and make no allowances for less. If he makes a move you don't fancy say so frankly and look farther—there are plenty of horses.

Municipal Thrift.

On the way from one town on Cape Cod to another a contributor to the Boston Transcript came upon a charming house by the roadside, which immediately claimed his attention. It bore a fresh coat of white paint, which was well set off by green blinds. There was a smooth piece of lawn in front, a group of fine shade trees and hammocks, piazza chairs, brilliant sofa pillows and all the adjuncts of summer comfort in luxurious profusion.

"Whose place is this," he demanded of the boy of 12, who accompanied him as guide and adviser in general.

"That there?" said the boy. "Oh, that there's the poorhouse."

"The poorhouse," the man exclaimed. "You seem to have luxurious paupers in this town."

"Well, you see," was the explanation, "we ain't got but one, 'n' she's an old woman, 'n' the overseers they board her out with one o' the neighbors 'n' let the poorhouse to some o' them Boston folks for the summer, 'n' that pays her keep."

The Careless Man.

"I had a peculiar dream last night, Mary," said a railroad man to his wife. "I dreamed I was appointed agent for our line in San Francisco at double the salary I'm now getting." A writer in the Kansas City Times tells the story.

"How fine!" said his wife, with a smile.

"Yes," continued the man, "and I started for San Francisco to take the place. At a small station in Kansas, where the train stopped, I saw a dog-fight going on and stepped off the car to watch it. The train went off without me, and I woke up before I could catch another."

The wife's smile changed to a look of keen disappointment.

"Henry," she said, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Why didn't you stay on that train and let that dog-fight alone? You'll never get a good job if you act like that."

The Great World Map.

Geographers representing the principal nations are at work upon a map of the entire earth on a scale of 1 to 1,000,000, and Prof. Penck, the German geographer, reports that sixty-nine sheets out of 437 planned had been completed up to March last. A distance of one mile will be represented by a space about one-sixteenth of an inch long. There are, of course, many maps of small areas on a much larger scale than this, but to represent the whole face of the known world on this scale is an undertaking of vast interest.—Tit-Bits.

Followed Instructions.

A lady going from home for the day, says a writer in the New York World, looked everything up carefully, and for the grocer's benefit left a card on the back door.

"All out. Don't leave anything," it read.

On her return she found her house ransacked and all her choicest possessions gone. To the card on the door was added, "Thanks. We haven't left much."

When a man is invited to a girl's house for dinner, and is told that she did the cooking, that's bait.

GOOD Short Stories

A milkman in a country town was brought before the local court to answer a charge of adulteration of milk. "You are charged," said the judge, with a most serious offense, of selling adulterated milk. Have you anything to say in answer to the charge?" "Well, your honor," replied the milkman, "the night before it was raining very hard, and the only cause I can give is the cow must have got wet through."

Thomas Edison once told this story: "In the year 1873 a man from Massachusetts came to California with a chronic liver complaint. He searched all over the coast for a mineral spring to cure the disease, and finally he found, down in the San Joaquin Valley, a spring, the waters of which almost instantly cured him. He, therefore, started a sanitarium, and people all over the world came, and were quickly cured. Last year this man died, and so powerful had been the action of the waters that they had to take his liver out and kill it with a club."

Even in the days when he found it difficult to earn a living, Oscar Wilde never laid aside his supercilious manner. It was exercised once upon a duke, and cost Wilde a lucrative post. The duke wanted a tutor for his two sons, and Wilde was recommended. He called, the duke examined him, and seemed favorably impressed. But he was a very great duke, with a very high opinion of himself, and his manner grated on Wilde. The last question he asked the young man was: "And would you—ah—expect to eat with the family?" "That," Wilde answered, "would depend altogether on how the family behaved at meals."

A traveling salesman arrived at home about three in the morning to discover that his wife had given birth to triplets. He was delighted almost beyond control of himself. "My," he said, "I must go right in and wake up, Dooley." Dooley was his next-door neighbor and a dog-fancier. He pulled Dooley out of bed, got him to hurry on his clothes, brought him in about half awake, and stood him before the triplets. "Aren't they dandies?" he asked. Dooley gazed at them in a semi-awakened state and, still rubbing the sleep from his eyes, replied: "Yes; they're all right. I think if I were you I would keep that one in the middle."

A gambler borrowed a sum of money from a money-lender, and, the note falling due, he called upon the broker and told him he could not pay at that time. The money-lender became greatly excited. "I want the money. It is due. You must pay it." The gambler pulled his pistol out, pointed it at the head of the money-lender, and said: "Eat that note or I will blow the top of your head off." The money-lender looked at the pistol, then at the note, and decided that it would be wise to eat the note, which he did. A few days after the gambler called and paid the value of the note, much to the delight of the money-lender, who said: "My friend, you are a good man, and when you need any more money, come in and I will let you have it." Some time later the gambler applied for another loan, which the money-lender was very willing to advance. The gambler sat down to write out a note, when the money-lender called out: "Wait a minute, my friend. Would you mind writing out that note on a soda cracker?"

At Second Hand.

"Isn't it true, as a matter of fact, Mr. Simmons," asked the lawyer, who was examining the man as to his qualifications for jury service, "that all you know about either of the parties to this suit is what you have read about them?"

"Yes, sir," answered the man, "but that's all we know about Abraham or Alexander the Great, or Bloody Mary, and yet we have a pretty good idea as to what kind of people they were."

Mr. Simmons appeared to be too intelligent a man to sit on a jury and he was excused.—Chicago Tribune.

A Watch's Works.

In perfect running order, the balance wheel of a timepiece makes 18,000 vibrations per hour. The number of miles a year the movement of a correctly adjusted balance wheel will equal is 3,558.

To make this run, less than one-tenth of a drop of oil is consumed. In order to keep a watch in proper condition it is advisable to have the timepiece thoroughly overhauled semi-annually. The life of a watch is lengthened by having it "house cleaned" every six months.

An Early Impression.

"Our friend is an enthusiastic supporter of the Panama canal. He represents every week of delay."

"Yes," answered the practical engineer; "he is one of our embarrassing friends who imagined it would merely be necessary to draw a straight line across the map of the isthmus and mark it 'canal.'"—Washington Star.

The First Straw Hat.

Straw hats were first heard of in England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. There is a record which shows that during the reign of James I. Lord William Howard paid the then large sum of \$18 for two straw hats.

Among politicians the proportion of the elect is very small.

SPIEGELSCHECK AT PHONE.

Peculiar Message Makes a Bad Half-Hour for the Butcher.

Spiegelscheck was as mild-mannered a butcher as ever scuttled a beef or cut a sheep's throat, and when the telephone bell jingled merrily he took down the receiver with a broad German smile, in expectation of good custom by wire.

"This is Mrs. Smallwood," tinkled a far-off feminine voice, "and I wish you would send up a nice porterhouse steak for supper—one about two inches thick"—pause—"with a collar on and long, white silky hair—about seven years old. I should say."

Spiegelscheck gasped in astonishment, and the good-natured countenance wore an air of puzzlement.

"Vot did you set?" he inquired. "I guess I didn't get id ride. Ve don't got vot you vand, I guess, if you vand all you set."

Back came the voice to Spiegelscheck: "I said a poodle, with long, white hair, and a collar on—about seven years old."

"Iss she gone crazy?" muttered Spiegelscheck, rubbing one hand nervously on his butcher's apron and clasping the receiver tighter to his ear. "I guess ve don't got vot you vand," he answered. "Ve don't got a very big demand vor poodles. Maybe vand blain sausage."

"Who said anything about wanting poodles?" came back a voice indignant. "Have you been drinking, Mr. Spiegelscheck? I want a nice porterhouse steak for supper"—pause—"with long white hair and my name on the collar."

Spiegelscheck eyed the telephone curiously, wondering if it were playing a trick upon him.

"Vot you vand iss a borderhouse," he repeated; "but vot for do you vand long, silky hair on id? Ve could not gif you a borderhouse mit hair on id. You vand der hairdresser's. You haf der wrong number, nicht wahr?"

"I will pay a large reward if you get it for me," came back the voice over the wire. "I would give fifty dollars to have it back right now. I want it so bad, poor little lost thing!"

"Py chimney! dot voman iss crazy!" declared Spiegelscheck in alarm. Then he replied: "I couldn't gif you a borderhouse mit long hair on id und sefen years old if you paid a hundred dollars. You bedder defone to der medical college. Vot you vand is mummies."

"Mr. Spiegelscheck," came back a voice quivering with indignation, "you are certainly intoxicated! I shall tell my husband to send you a check for your bill, and you will be bothered no more with our custom."

Here was fresh trouble. The Smallwoods were good customers, but the courtesy due good custom has its limits. Who ever heard of a porterhouse steak seven years old, with long white hair? Spiegelscheck had not, and he was a pretty good butcher, too.

"I peg your pardon," Spiegelscheck responded, "bud please order again vot you vand und say it blain. I guess mein hearing is pad already."

"A poodle, I said," came back the voice, "with long white hair and my name on the collar."

"Dit you vand id for subber?" gasped Spiegelscheck.

"Central, who is that crazy German on the line?" snapped out a sharp voice. "I'm talking with the business office of the Bugle, and advertising for a lost dog. Please tell Mr. Lagerbier to ring off."

"You are crazy yourself!" yelled Spiegelscheck. "You vand a borderhouse steak mit vool on id like a sheep. Voss iss los mit you?"

"Central," came another voice, "can't I order a porterhouse steak without getting a whole dog kennel on the line? Hello, Mr. Spiegelscheck, hello!"

But Spiegelscheck had fled. "Louie," he said to the boy, "der vire iss full mit crazy vinnings. Dey vand borderhouse steaks mit vool on 'em. Don'd go near der telephone. I am going out to get some schnapps."—J. W. Foley, in Judge.

Something to Be Thankful For.

Sir Wyness Reid wrote as follows of one of his early experiences as a reporter: "On the first occasion of witnessing an execution, as I stood trembling at the foot of the scaffold on which the victim was about to appear, I noticed an old reporter, for whom I had entertained a great personal respect, pacing up and down beside me reading the New Testament."

"In the passion of horror and pity that filled my young heart I concluded that my friend was seeking spiritual comfort in view of the event in which we were about to take part as spectators and recorders. I said something to him about the horror of the act we were shortly to witness."

He looked up with a placid smile from his reading, and said gently—for he was essentially a gentleman: "Yes, very sad, very sad; but let us be thankful it isn't raining." And then he calmly returned to his daily reading of the Word.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Broken Plaster.

To mend a broken plaster cast, paint the broken surface over two or three times with very thick shellac varnish and after each application burn the alcohol over the flame. When the shellac is soft press the parts together and tie in place until cold. The articles will be as strong as it was before being broken.

After a man has passed 40 he can tell the ending of a friend's career the way a novel reader can tell the close of a story: Without looking at the end.

There are some people so mean they will not show surprise in gossip that was hatched only yesterday.



Bat—The trouble with you is you're always up in the air. Ball—Ah! you can't stop knocking, can you?—Judge.

Knicker—Is Newrich happy? Bocker—No; by the time fortune's cup came to him his wife wouldn't let him drink out of the saucer.—Brooklyn Life.

"He's a bad scholar, isn't he?" "Incorrigible! He would rather go roaming round in the woods picking flowers than study botany."—Brooklyn Life.

The Arizona Terror—I haint got an enemy in the world. The Tenderfoot—Is it possible? The Arizona Terror—Yes; I've killed 'em all.—Philadelphia Record.

"So many prominent men are reported to be ill. What do you suppose is the matter with them?" Probably suffering from exposure.—Baltimore American.

"I understood Skinner has lost all his money." "Yes, by his speculations." "But how did he get his money in the first place?" "By his peculations."—Philadelphia Press.

Councilman—I've come to see, sir, if you will subscribe anything to the town cemetery. Old Resident—Good gracious! I've already subscribed three wives.—Life.

Jones—Got a match, Smith? Smith (hastily)—Yes, but I have no cigar. Jones—Then you won't need the match, will you? Let's have it.—Cleveland Leader.

"No man is guilty until he is convicted. You must always remember that." "Yes, but this fellow is a member of the United States Senate."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"What do newspaper poets do when they haven't anything clever to write about and become commonplace and dull?" "Sell all their dull stuff to the magazines."—Cleveland Leader.

Visiting Reporter—There's nothing like the spit-ball to kill a pitcher's arm. Transcript Reporter—Beg pardon, but here in Boston we speak of it as the Saliva Sphere.—Puck.

"She told him she simply could not make up her mind to be the wife of a poor man." "He isn't a poor man, though." "No; but he soon would be if she married him."—Brooklyn Life.

"Why don't you make some ringing speeches against the trusts?" Nothing to gain, answered Senator Sorghum; "the public wouldn't believe I meant 'em and the trusts might."—Exchange.

"Try to forget me," she said, with a look of pity. "How can I? I miserably answered, 'as long as I have to make monthly payments on the things I have presented to you?'—Chicago Record-Herald.

Mrs. Pancake (to a fourth-floor lodger)—Anything the matter with your steak, Mr. Hardup? Hardup—A trifle overtrained, maybe, madam; but, really, I never saw a firmer muscle!—London Tit-Bits.

Missionary—My friend, do you ever think about your future state? Oklahoma Ike—Say, pard, don't you read the papers? We ain't been thinkin' of anything else for 'th' last five years.—Cleveland Leader.

Pat—Th' rich are gettin' richer. Mike—Yis; but they give more to th' poor than Iver before. Pat—Thru! A judge will give a poor man six months now where he used to only give him tin days.—Judge.

Knicker—I see the government is investigating the cotton scandal. Mrs. Knicker—It's high time. My lovely bargains that I bought for all wool is full cotton. You needn't laugh; it's so.—New York Sun.

She—Well, supposing she did throw you over because you lost your money—there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. He—I know, but that's poor consolation for a fellow who has lost his bait.—New York Mail.

Bleeker—The chap across the hall has a photograph, hasn't he? Baxter—No, he's a dentist, and is filling Mrs. Gabbit's teeth. She is trying to talk with two rubber bands, a napkin, a mirror, and a drill in her mouth, that's all!—Puck.

"She's really not cultured. She says she can't understand Browning at all." "But one may be cultured and yet not understand Browning." "Of course, one may not understand it, but one should never admit it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Is Mr. Scadds a man of scientific distinction?" "Yes, indeed," answered Miss Cayenne; "he has so many college degrees that when he sends in his card you can't be sure whether it is his name or a problem in algebra."—Philadelphia Press.

Rownds—Of course, it was business that detained me last night. Mrs. Rownds—Yes? Rownds—Yes. You know I wouldn't deceive you. Mrs. Rownds—No, George, you wouldn't deceive me, no matter what you said.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Is Tim Simmers still paying attention to Mandy Tompkins?" asked the man who had been away from home for some time. "No," answered Farmer Cortossel; "they don't either of 'em pany any 'tention to the other. They're married."—Washington Star.

Miss Ascum—Do you really think it's possible to find out who your husband will be by consulting a fortune-teller? Miss Mainchanz—I don't know, but I recently found out who my husband wouldn't be by consulting one. Miss Ascum—Really? Who was the fortune-teller? Miss Mainchanz—Bradstreet.—Philadelphia Press.

THE ENTERPRISE

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, in advance.....\$1.50
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SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1906.

Constable Carroll was reinstated by the Board of Supervisors on Monday. Mr. Carroll was duly elected by the people for a four years' term, which will expire January 1, 1907. The vacancy was caused by Mr. Carroll's oversight in not filing a new bond within the ten days as required by law. With the question of charges made against Mr. Carroll in the Justice's Court at Redwood City, the Board of Supervisors very properly decided, that the Board had nothing to do.

The Chronicle contest for the \$1000 prize, in which the two leaders are Miss Hazel Clifford and Master Ernest Smith, is stirring up quite an interest in this community. Miss Clifford is a niece of Mr. Geo. Perham, the popular dairyman of Baden Station. Naturally our people desire our neighbor's niece to win, and therefore, are not only shouting but are also putting their coin into the Chronicle in Miss Clifford's favor. Paid up cash subscriptions can be made at this office to be credited to Miss Clifford's candidacy and such payments will in no wise interfere with the route business of our neighbor, Mr. Tom Hickey. Miss Clifford's aim and ambition in this contest is to secure a scholarship in Stanford University, certainly a noble aspiration. Bring in your subscription and cash and make sure of victory for our candidate.

THE MISSION.

The Rev. L. D. Lewis conducted the service at Butchers' Hall Sunday evening last; the attendance was not large. The lessons read by the Pastor were the 33d Psalm and the 7th Chapter of St. Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians. The text, 4th Verse of the 5th Chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, which reads: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." The Pastor said in part: To mourn is to grieve, lament. Oftentimes clouds gather about us, the cause of which we cannot understand; we mourn the loss of loved ones, the loss of the ties that bind for the afflicted ones, for those in trouble and distress; we mourn because some may have blessed us with their lips, while inwardly we know they are bitter enemies; we mourn because the ideal we strive to attain proved worthless when within our grasp; then there are those who mourn because of sin, sins of omission and commission.

As to the loss of loved ones, we know this is not our home; our home is where our friends are, and the majority of our friends have passed through the dark valley and are now at home. That is a comforting thought.

Home, oh, how soft and sweet, It thrills upon the heart;
Home, where the brethren meet,
And never, never part.

In this world we shall have tribulation, saith the Master, but in me ye have peace. We mourn on account of imperfections, are not we not depending on self too much; are we not saying by our life, some of self and some of Christ, instead of saying none of self but all of Christ. Do we mourn on account of trials; there was one who was tried beyond measure; he trod the winepress alone. He will lead you if you will but trust him, into green pastures and by the still waters. He hath said, I will restore thy soul. There are those that mourn on account of sin; let me tell you Christ's love is infinite towards us. Oh, the love of God, 'twas wondrous love, that brought the Savior from above to bleed and die for us.

Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.
He does not say, blessed are the rich, or those who dwell in high places, but whosoever will come may come and partake of the waters of life freely.

LUCKY SOUTH CITY.

With the assurance of the establishment of the \$5,000,000 smelter in South San Francisco the residents of that young manufacturing town are most sanguine of the future and justly so. It is estimated that the new industry will give employment to not less than 2800 hands. This means an addition to the population of probably 10,000 from this one source. Those people must be housed, which means a tremendous outlay for buildings, material and labor.

The heavy payroll of the big company itself in addition to the establishments already located there and the numerous hi-industries which will spring up will mean a weekly output of coin into circulation that spells prosperity in large letters for the people up there.

No one envies South City her fine prospects and the Times rejoices with her people in the good things that are coming their way.—San Mateo Times.

One can paint the fur of a tiger, but not his joints.

FAIL TO MAKE CHARGES STICK

Grand Jurymen Refuse to Testify Against the Official They Claimed Was "Crooked"

ALBERT EIKERNEKOTTER SCORES

Superintendent of the Poor Farm of San Mateo County Shows He Simply Made Few Errors

Redwood City, April 3.—The investigation by the Board of Supervisors into charges against Albert Eikerenkotter, superintendent of the County Poor Farm, embodied in the last report of the Grand Jury, was held today. No evidence was produced to warrant the charges made against Eikerenkotter. No one appeared before the Supervisors to father the charges. The Supervisors were forced to subpoena Foreman Knight of the Grand Jury before they could get him before them, although he was in town at the hour set for the investigation.

District Attorney Bullock refused to proceed with the investigation, claiming that his duty lay simply in acting as legal adviser to the board upon any questions of law which might arise. Attorney George C. Ross, representing Albert Eikerenkotter, after vainly endeavoring to get some member of the Grand Jury present to take up the matter on behalf of that body, took it up on behalf of his client.

Foreman Knight and Secretary Brown of the Grand Jury were put upon the stand, but they refused to testify, declaring the law would not permit them to divulge what occurred in the jury room and that the report was there to show for itself.

District Attorney Bullock then stated that a number of persons had been subpoenaed and were present to testify to other alleged offenses not covered by the report of the Grand Jury, but Mr. Ross objected. He said his client had come there prepared to refute the charges made against him and which had been published, and that he was prepared to go on with such investigation.

Eikerenkotter was placed on the stand and soon explained away the alleged discrepancies with the exception of a few errors in his books which he admitted frankly while on the stand. Mr. Ross showed errors in the report of the Grand Jury greater than in those admitted by the accused.

Reports from the County Treasurer's and Auditor's books and comparison with the report of the Grand Jury for 1904 showed that in 1905 Mr. Eikerenkotter had conducted the County Farm in a more economical manner than in 1904, when he was praised by the Grand Jury. The produce from the farm alleged to have been sold and not accounted for was shown by the Treasurer's report to have been accounted for months back. The Supervisors took the matter under advisement. It is expected they will exonerate the accused official.—S. F. Call, March 4th.

The root of all the trouble in the matter of the charges against Superintendent Eikerenkotter appears to be that the investigation of a public officer was not a public investigation, but a secret star chamber proceeding. The Grand Jury system as at present constituted and conducted simply affords an opportunity to designing or malicious individuals to assassinate the character of a public official with impunity.

The secret inquisition belongs to the dark ages.

Let the Grand Jury be made a public body working in public, or let it be abolished.

The figures from the Auditor's books show that total indigent expenses for 1905 were \$935.50, while for 1904 they were only \$932.44, and upon the difference in these totals the charges against Superintendent Eikerenkotter appear, in the main, to have been based. The Auditor's figures, however, show that outside indigent expenses, over which the Superintendent of the Poor Farm has no control, were for 1905 \$3255.50, and for 1904 \$2733.65, leaving an excess of Poor Farm expenses proper for 1905 only \$85.21 in excess of 1904. But in 1905 the number of inmates at the Farm were 28 and in 1904 26, bringing the comparative cost per inmate at the Farm to \$263.62 for 1904 and to \$257.76 for 1905, or \$10.89 per capita less in 1905 than in 1904. Another very peculiar phase of the matter is that Mr. Knight, foreman of the Grand Jury, published charges against Mr. Eikerenkotter and when brought before the Board of Supervisors upon an investigation of particular charges thus made public, refused to testify upon the ground that the law would not permit him to divulge anything that occurred in the Grand Jury room.

FRATERNAL ORDERS.

The strength of fraternal orders comes from the fact that neither the very rich nor the very poor are connected with this class of organizations, but principally from the energetic, rustling middle classes of our land, and these are they who are anxious to provide themselves against a period of distress and need, and as a rule connect themselves with orders whose principles are of the enduring kind. Branches of the principal orders are located in our midst, tested and tried, they have not been found wanting. The blessings that have

been scattered among members cannot be counted through the immense expenditure of money to assist brothers when in distress, the care of the widows or the education of the orphans. This is nothing when compared to the bond of fraternal regard and brotherly love that exists between man and man, enabling them to become better citizens and morally inclined. To this end the various orders are engaged. The Improved Order of Red Men, the United Ancient Order of Druids, the Woodmen of the World, the circles working in unison with the Tribe, Grove or Camp, are as a unit in the uplifting and elevating process, morally and socially, to make the world better for our having lived in it.

EILER'S RIP VAN WINKLE SHOW

Has a tent built expressly for them. It is made of Kahki, which is used and recommended by our government as the best. It is absolutely waterproof. This elegant tent is built egg shape and has no center poles in front of the stage, therefore giving every one a good view of the performance. The stage is lighted with Acetylene gas, which can be lowered and raised to give the proper effect, as desired. Lightning and thunder is made by an electric storage battery. The scenery for each and every act is new and painted especially for this elegant production. Mr. Eiler prides himself in having the swiftest outfit in the country and delights in having people come and see his pavilion theater before the performance. They will appear at South San Francisco Wednesday, April 18th.

NOTICE!

For the accommodation of those having business with the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, its office in the Postoffice building will be open hereafter on Sundays between the hours of 8 and 11 o'clock a. m.

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent.

ADVANTAGES OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO AS A MANUFACTURING CENTER.

A low tax rate.
An equable and healthful climate.
The only deep water on the peninsula south of San Francisco.

Directly on the Bay Shore line of the Southern Pacific Railway and only ten miles from the foot of Market street, San Francisco.

A ship canal which enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

An independent railroad system, which provides ample switching facilities to every industry.

Thirty-four hundred acres of land in one compact body fronting on the bay of San Francisco, affording cheap and advantageous sites for all sorts of factories.

Waterworks with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district.

An extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Several large industries already in actual and successful operation.

REWARD!!!

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offer a reward of \$10 for information leading to arrest and conviction of person or persons maliciously damaging its property.

Fifty Bachelors Eager to Marry.

Tacoma, Wash.—A special from Pogue, Okanogan county, says that there are fifty eligible bachelors near there, many of whom are "well fixed" with worldly goods, and some of whom have "all kinds of money." None is a bachelor from choice; every "Barkis" is "willing," but few single women make the trip to that place. Those who do manage to get up there are school teachers or sisters of settlers. Few escape to the outer world without getting married. School-ma'ams are in great demand, and the school directors have trouble in keeping their teachers. They have found that if they wish to be kept for a full term the safest plan is to hire male teachers. They have found that in nine cases out of ten, where a woman teacher is employed, some man "butts in," and the school either takes a long recess, or a new teacher has to be found. Eastern teachers, especially, find the men of Okanogan county irresistible. Pogue is still a cattle country. As every one rides a horse, and wears a blue shirt, it is easy for the romantically inclined tenderfoot to see a "Virginian" on every hand.

Will Celebrate Dewey Day.

Monterey.—Monterey will celebrate Dewey day on May 1st in grand style. The Merchants' Association has taken charge of the celebration. There will be a yacht regatta on the bay, to which the yacht clubs of San Francisco will be invited. At noon there will be a parade of the civic societies of Monterey and the troops at the Monterey Presidio. Following this will be a grand barbecue with speech-making. The city will be decorated with electric lights and banners. In the evening there will be a water carnival on the bay, in which all the yachts and a fleet of small boats will participate. Salutes will be fired and all sorts of pyrotechnics displayed. It promises to be one of the best celebrations ever held on this coast. The Twentieth Regiment of Infantry, now on its way from Manila, will be here by that time and the affair will take on the nature of a reception to them.

Gangrosa Becomes Epidemic.

Washington.—Gangrosa, a tropical disease, more repulsive than leprosy, has become so prevalent upon the island of Guam that Lieutenant McNamee, United States Navy, the acting Governor of the island, has recommended the establishment of a hospital for the isolation of the disease, which is believed to be highly contagious. The surgeon-general of the navy has approved the recommendation and it is likely a \$5000 hospital for these cases will be erected at once near the other hospital. Lieutenant McNamee says the disease affects the lower part of the face by slow ulceration. As 400 cases have already appeared Lieutenant McNamee says its isolation is imperative.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed bids are invited by the undersigned, the Board of Trustees of San Bruno School District of San Mateo County, California, for the furnishing of all materials for, and the erection, construction and completion of a two-story frame school-house building, on the property of said School District, in South San Francisco, said San Mateo County; said building to be constructed in strict accord with the plans and specifications therefor, adopted by said Board of School Trustees on Monday, March 12, 1906, which are hereby referred to and made part of this notice. All such bids must be in writing, and be addressed to or left with the Clerk of said Board on or prior to 7:30 o'clock p. m. of Monday, April 2, 1906, and each bid must be accompanied by a certified check, in the sum of \$500, payable to the Chairman of said Board, and conditioned that the successful bidder will enter into suitable contract with said Board to complete said building, in accordance with said plans and specifications and his said bid therefor, within five days after award of contract, or otherwise said check to be forfeited to said District. Said Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Dated March 14, 1906.

THOMAS MASON,
Clerk of San Bruno School District of San Mateo County, California.

Dentistry in all its branches
at reasonable prices.

F. J. H. BUSH D. D. S.
DENTIST

OFFICE HOURS

Tuesday, 10:30 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.
Thursday, 10:30 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.
Saturday, 12:00 m. to 9:00 p. m.
Sunday, 9:30 a. m. to 2:00 p. m.

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No ADVANCE PREMIUM or unnecessary expense.

GEO. W. LOVIE, Secretary,
Redwood City, Cal.

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GRAND AVE., near Postoffice,
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This is the Only Store
in San Mateo County that SELL

Dry Goods and Fancy Goods;
Boots and Shoes;
Ladies' and Gents' Furnishing Goods;
Crockery and Agate Ware;
Hats and Caps.

AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES

Give Us a Call
and be Convinced.

Did You Attend
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First
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Of the People's Store? If not
avail yourself of the opportunity.

Bargains in Men's Furnishings
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THE FARMER BOY.

Pulling the weeds from the garden,
Driving the cows home at night,
Dropping the corn in the springtime,
Nailing a pale on tight;
Hunting for eggs in the barnyard,
Looking for turkeys astray,
Carrying lunch to the reapers,
Tossing the new-mown hay;
Riding the horses to water,
Feeding the chickens and cows,
Throwing the hay to the mangers,
Down from the fragrant mows;
Whitewashing corn-cribs and fences,
Gathering fruit from the trees,
Covering flower beds in autumn,
For fear of an early freeze;
Pumping the clear, cold water,
Chopping an arm-load of wood—
These are the farmboy's gymnastics;
They're cheap, but none the less good.
—Unknown.

MY PROMISE

WHEN Irving Peck came to Hildreth and joined our social circle my foster mother had just died and left me the care of her daughter Cynthia, eight years old. "Margaret," said our mother the day before she died, "you know what I have done for you?"

"Indeed I do," I replied. "Now is your opportunity to make a return. Cynthia has no kith or kin to rely on. Without your care I know not what will become of her. Promise me that you will be a mother to her."

"I will."
"To do that you must not have children of your own. I know a woman's nature. We will never permit any child's interest to stand in the way of our own. Promise me that you will not marry until Cynthia comes of age."

I was silent.
"At least until she has married."
Again I made no reply.

"Will you not promise me this?"
"I promise you that I will not marry until Cynthia has a love of her own—until she is engaged."

My foster mother sighed and turned away. She knew she had no right to ask such a sacrifice. What I had prom-



"WE ARE FREE," HE SAID.

ised was equivalent almost to not marrying at all. Eight or nine years at least must pass before Cynthia would love, and she might never love at all.

Had I not met Irving Peck I would have promised my aunt all she asked without hesitation. I had only known him a little while, but it was long enough to tell me that I had met my fate. The truest love, to my thinking, is that which comes upon both the man and the woman from the moment they meet. Irving Peck and I each recognized in the other a mate, and a month after my foster mother's death he asked me to be his wife. When I told him of my promise he did not ask me to break it; indeed, he told me that if I did he would not respect me. He said that he would marry no other woman, and if Cynthia stood always in our way he would never marry. We did not think it best that we should remain near each other, and Irving went away.

I neither saw nor heard from him till Cynthia was seventeen; then he wrote me that since she was of a marriageable age we might meet again. I replied that Cynthia promised to be a coquette, and there would be little hope of her choosing a husband. I continued after this to hear from him occasionally. At nineteen Cynthia had flirted with every young man in the village, and, like Alexander, there were no more conquests for her to make. At this time a friend in Caldwell invited her to a visit, and Cynthia gladly accepted the invitation. I wrote Irving while she was away that he might come to see me. The truth is, Cynthia was so full of witchery and withal was so much younger than I that I feared to have him come while she was at home. I was disappointed to learn from him that a special project would prevent his coming till about the time Cynthia would return.

When Cynthia was fifteen she had discovered the secret of my promise. We slept together, and I talked in my sleep. I had never told her, fearing that she might feel constrained to marry on my account. But I did not know her. Realizing that I looked to each of her love affairs to release me, she seemed to take a malicious pleasure in tantalizing me. I wrote Irving of this, and I should not have done so, for it made him furious.

One morning I received a letter from Cynthia, and, to my great delight, it told me that she had met a man whom she fancied she could love. She had not thought to give me his name, but this was of little consequence to me, for I would not know him. Her next letter, written two weeks later, announced her engagement, which meant

FRENCH GENDARMES SEIZING CHURCH PROPERTY IN PARIS.



POLICE PREFECT GIVING ORDERS.

Acting by virtue of the new act the French Government officials attempted to take an inventory of the property of the Church of Ste. Clothilde, in Paris, but met with an obstinate resistance from a large and fashionable congregation. The police were sent for and hundreds of well-dressed men and women resisted their entrance. The doors were broken open with axes and, after a violent struggle, many persons were arrested and dragged out by force. Several of them were quite seriously injured.

AN INDIAN SPORT.

"Pig-sticking" Is an Exciting Pastime Which Has Its Perils.

The Prince of Wales, who has been traveling in India, and incidentally having one of the best times ever experienced in his royal career, won the admiration of hundreds of aristocratic natives because of the keen interest he took in all of the sports of that far-off land. The dark-skinned gentlemen who lend an air of romance to the social and official life of India, do not spend all their time lounging in wide, flapping trousers and mountainous turbans and in smoking long, queer-looking pipes, as they are al-



INDIAN SPORT OF PIG-STICKING.

ways pictured as doing. In fact, they indulge in many pastimes which would make a strenuous Englishman's hair stand on end with excitement. One of these goes by the name of "pig-sticking" and the illustration gives a good idea of what this sport is like. The picture of Sir Pertab Singh, a dusky native who is in the prince's suite, is engaged in "pig-sticking" with Sir Arthur Bigge and other English noblemen. In this instance Sir Pertab managed to give the finishing stroke to the pig while his horse jumped over it, which is considered a very smart thing to do. The pig, which had already been stuck, was on its hind legs trying to cut at the horse with its tusks.

The Socialist's Shirts.

Charles Edward Russell was discussing socialism, and he told a story to illustrate this assertion that many who profess belief in it have neither understanding nor sincerity. Two casual acquaintances were discussing politics. One announced that he had turned socialist. "I don't know what a socialist is," said the other. "A socialist is one who believes in dividing up with the other fellow." "Does that mean that if you had two farms you would give me one?" "Sure I would." "And if you had two houses?" "Sure I would give you one." "And if you had two shirts what would you do with them?" "Ah, gwan! you know I have two shirts."—Everybody's Magazine.

Sorrow of It.

"Now that you have tried my voice, professor," said the ambitious female, "tell me frankly what it is best adapted to."
"Whispering," said the eminent musician, without a moment's hesitation. —Chicago News.

The Chosen.

"Some men," remarked the assumptive citizen, "are born to lead."
"Yes," answered the cautious person; "but the trouble is that every man who feels a disinclination to do actual work takes it for granted that he is one of those men."—Washington Star.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

WOMAN WANTS TOO MUCH.

By Juliet V. Strauss.

There are many compensations to being a woman, if one only knows how to find them. The great trouble with women is that they are always asking too much of life. Man wants but little here below, and he gets it. Woman wants too much; she doesn't get it, and is constantly fretting over it. If you start out to be an earnest woman, be sure that you are earnest about the right things, and do not count. Also, try not to be earnest at the wrong time. I have known earnest women to drive their husbands to drink and give their sons a distaste for prayer meeting that remained permanent through a lifetime.

Above all, dear woman, in seeking to put away childish things, be sure you do not put away the wrong things. Do not discard the light and laughter and fun and save the affectations, the selfishness, and the foolish little ambitions and emulations.

The things that men make are never miracles, but everything that God makes is a miracle. Strange, then, that we should fret for the puny workmanship and device for man and forget the singing waters and talking trees around us.

FORESTS VITAL TO NATION'S WELFARE.

By John F. Lacey, M. C.

Forestry has found some difficulty in attracting attention, because of the assumption that the subject is purely one of sentiment. But the subject is in the highest degree one of practical utility. The poet and the painter may rejoice in the contemplation of the woods. But the farmer, the miller, the boatman, and the lumberman may now combine to preserve as well as to enjoy the beneficial uses of this great element of our national wealth. The forest is the representative of motherhood. It fertilizes the earth upon which it feeds. It bears the fruit of the past and the seed of the future. A vigorous and healthy forest is the height of nature's adornment. Man has been as wasteful of his natural possessions as the sun of its energy. We have not been content with using these resources; we have wasted them as reckless prodigals.

Perhaps the grandest forest now remaining on the earth is that in northern California, Oregon and Washington. I visited Oregon first in 1887, and I remained many days in the vicinity, but had a first, last and only view. The whole country was covered by a pall of smoke from the burning forests.

This was more wicked than the destruction of our forests on the Atlantic only because the great woods of the Pacific are finer, and for the further reason that they are our last. The example of the Atlantic States is one to profit by. I remember the hills and streams of the Eastern States in my boyhood. After long absence I revisited some of these old streams. The trees had been felled and the springs had gone dry. The swimming holes were filled with dry sand and gravel. It now looks as if Niagara falls might yet be converted to a dry cliff, surrounded by all sorts of mills.

Rain produces forests and forests produce rain. Great and injurious changes of climate almost certainly follow

any sweeping and general destruction of the woods. Trees set along the fence rows may by shade reduce the production of a little grass or grain, but such trees will do much to break the force of the wind and ameliorate the climate.

As the result of national legislation more than 63,000,000 acres of timbered land are now set apart in forest reserves. These vast reservations have been so selected as to preserve the water supply for purposes of irrigation in the West. Only a government lives long enough to plant trees extensively. The brevity of human life deters the individual from a project yielding such slow returns.

DISHONESTY IN BUSINESS PAYS.

By John A. Howland.

Only the other day a business man who is a former preacher, and a still enthusiastic member of the church, declared to me that the world in its business relations had to be considered wholly in the light of the times; that for the man in business to attempt anything else would be to run headlong into a stone wall.

"In my own case, look what I am compelled to do," he said. "I live in western Iowa, and am in business there. I am in competition with men who have never had the least sense of scrupulousness. I discovered a good while ago that the man who by all odds was my closest and most dangerous competitor was getting a rebate upon all goods shipped to him over a certain railroad. That rebate was sufficient to give him an advantage over me that the closest business economy on my side without rebate could not minimize. What did I do? I knew that I could not prove the rebate in court, and I felt that a fight on it would accomplish nothing. So I am getting the same rebate myself, not because I want to violate a law, but because I am compelled to do so in order to make a living."

When I was a boy I was taught that the word "honest" was an adjective that was not possible of comparison. Nowadays not only the commercial world, but the usages of every day good English allow the phrases "more honest" and "most honest." Undoubtedly they have their missions in the commercial world. In fact, the expression "He's a pretty honest sort of fellow" has come into the vernacular all along the business line, and not even the fellow himself would likely think to take exception to the compliment.

THE TRUE UNIT OF SOCIETY.

By Bishop Samuel Fallows.

The day of personality has gone by. The man who writes the editorial articles in the newspaper is unknown except to a few. It is so with the teachers in the public schools—perhaps to a greater extent than any other calling. The absurd and unjust discriminations that have heretofore been made against a woman because she is a woman are ceasing. The most thorough infidel, whatever else he may deny, cannot deny that Christianity guards and glorifies the home. The individual is not the unit of society. The unit of society consists in a man and a woman united in holy wedlock.

A PICTURE SERMON.

Cartoon Which Shows the Root of the Boy-Bandit Evil.

The cities and towns of the country are having an epidemic of crime of greater or lesser degree, in which the offenders are mere boys who have started on the wrong path so early in life that for them the outlook is anything but encouraging. A strong sermon on the cause of this youthful vice was preached the other day by McCutcheon, the cartoonist of the Chicago Tribune. His picture showed a father and mother sitting by the fireside, the father reading and the mother sewing. "Where's Willie to-night?" asks the father. "I don't know," replied the mother, "do you want him?" "No," says the father, "I just wondered where he was."

That is the picture, but what a story it tells! That boy is on dangerous ground when he is away from home evenings and his parents do not know where he is or what he is doing. The worst may be imagined when parents are so careless of the welfare of their boys that they permit them to have the run of the town without knowing their environments and associations. The temptations of the cities are so varied and alluring that men and women of experience fail. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that youth becomes an easy victim.

The situation is so grave that the question should be handled plainly. Who is at fault? Primarily the parents. When fathers and mothers are unconcerned as to where their boys are after night, they are giving an impetus to the wave of crime. Juvenile courts are a unit in demanding such changes in the laws as will permit them to punish careless parents, rather than their erring children, and common sense proves the need of such modification.

Parents who bring children into the world are bound by every law of nature to protect and guide them through the formative period, and they should be compelled to do so by statute or suffer a severe penalty. The parent knows the pitfalls of the city and town, and it should be his duty as well as pleasure to guide the feet of his children until they arrive at the years of understanding. If this were done, the road to ruin would have fewer travelers, and more boys would elect to become worthy citizens.

No boy starts out with the aim and ambition to become a bad man. All his aspirations are to be a useful citizen, and if he is properly protected during his teens, the chances are he will land all right. And to whom should society and the state look for his proper care during these critical years, if not to the

ROOT OF THE BOY BANDIT EVIL.



Where is Willie this evening?
"I don't know, Henry. He went out just after supper."
Did you want him for anything?
"No; I just wondered where he was."—Chicago Tribune.

parents? They cannot shirk the responsibility.

What is true of the boy, is in a yet greater degree true of the girl. If the home is not made a haven for the youth, then, indeed, are society and the nation in danger.

Where are your boy and your girl to-night?—Toledo Blade.

MYTH OF ANCIENT RUINS.

Scientist Shatters Romance Spread by "King Solomon's Mines."

The glamour of mythical romance, which has so long surrounded the famous ruins of Zimbabwe, Rhodesia, were recently dispelled in a lecture by Dr. McIver, before the research department of the Royal Geographical Society in London. It has always been supposed that the ruins dated back to one of the earliest civilizations, and were probably of Semitic origin. Rider Haggard's romance of "King Solomon's mines" spread their fame far and wide. Dr. McIver, however, who was commissioned by the British association to examine the ruins, now reports that there are no grounds for the belief that they were of any great antiquity. Excavations have proved that the

ruins belonged to one period only in which medieval and post-medieval buildings were constructed by a people whose implements and ornaments were found there; that is the negroid race, who were akin to the Kafirs. Frederick Stone, the explorer, agreed that the district had never been occupied by a civilized race, and described the primitive methods of dealing with gold-bearing quartz, which he believed had been carried on until the Zulu invasion.

Dr. McIver states that he had discovered two pieces of flowered blue and white Nankin china, which were certainly not earlier than the sixteenth century. Several members dissented from the lecturer's views.—Washington Post.

To Be Encouraged.

"Do you think young people should be encouraged in literary effort?"
"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "I would rather have people write their impressions of things in general than insist on telling them to me."—Washington Star.

It will be noticed in every home in which there is a cozy corner that the dog, in seeking comfortable places to sleep, never enters one of them.

CATARRH ANNOYING-DANGEROUS

Catarrh is usually regarded as nothing more serious than a bad cold or slight inflammation of the inner skin and tissues of the head and throat, when it is, in fact, not only a vexatious and troublesome disease, but a complicated and dangerous one. It is true that Catarrh usually begins with a cold in the head, but when the poisons, which are thrown off through the secretions, find their way into the blood, it becomes a constitutional trouble that affects all parts of the body. It has more annoying and disgusting symptoms than any other disease. There is a sickening and offensive discharge from the nostrils, a constant buzzing noise in the ears, headaches and pains in the eyes are frequent, while filthy, tenacious matter drops back into the throat requiring continual hawking and spitting, and in certain stages of the disease the breath has an odor that is very offensive. Catarrh is worse in Winter, because the cold weather closes the pores and glands, and the poisons and unhealthy vapors which should pass off that way are thrown back on the tender linings and tissues, causing the inflammation which starts the unhealthy secretions to be absorbed by the blood. When the blood becomes diseased with this catarrhal matter all kinds of complications may be looked for. As the blood circulates through the body the foul matter finds its way into the stomach, ruining the digestion and producing chronic Dyspepsia, or Catarrh of the stomach. It also affects the Kidneys, Bladder and other members of the body, while the general health is weakened, appetite lost and the patient feels despondent and half sick all the time. But worst of all, if the trouble is not checked the lungs become diseased from the constant passage of poisoned blood through them, and Catarrh terminates in Consumption, the most fatal of all diseases. You cannot get rid of Catarrh by treating it with sprays, washes, inhalations, etc., because they only reach the membranes and tissues, while the real cause of the trouble is in the blood. These relieve the annoying symptoms for a time, but the poison is all the while getting a stronger hold on the system and when they are left off will manifest itself in worse form than before. S. S. S. is the greatest of all blood purifiers, and when it has cleansed the blood, this pure, rich stream circulates through the body, carrying healthful properties to the diseased parts. Then the inflamed membranes and tissues begin to heal, the discharges cease, the general condition of the system is strengthened, every one of the annoying and disgusting symptoms pass away, and the patient is left in perfect health. S. S. S. is the best remedy for Catarrh. It goes right into the blood and removes all effete matter and catarrhal poison and cures the disease permanently, and at the same time builds up the entire system by its fine tonic effect. S. S. S. is a purely vegetable remedy—non-injurious to the system and a certain, reliable cure for Catarrh. Catarrh sufferers will find our free consulting department helpful in advising local treatment to be used with S. S. S.

S.S.S.

PURELY VEGETABLE.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Another's.
Elderly Man (greeting former acquaintance)—I remember your face perfectly, miss, but your name has escaped me.
The Young Woman—I don't wonder. It escaped me three years ago. I am married now.
Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Appalling Effect of Prosperity.
The struggling author opened the letter the postman had just brought.
It was from his publisher and contained a check for a large amount.
"Well," he chuckled, "I seem to have found the secret of write living at last!"

MONEY BACK IF NOT CURED.
\$5 worth of ITCOS guaranteed to cure RHEUMATISM or NEURALGIA. Will not injure stomach. Two sizes, \$1 and \$2.50. Get ITCOS from your dealer or mailed promptly on receipt of price by ITCOS Medicine Co., 305 Larkin St., San Francisco.

A Free Lance.
Benedick—Not married, eh? I'll bet you're fond of a girl, though.
Batcheller—Oh, yes, indeed.
Benedick—Who is she?
Batcheller—Her name is Legion.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.
Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Just Like a Woman.
It was 2 o'clock in the morning when he staggered up the stairs.
"Here you come at last!" exclaimed his better half. "I've worried myself half to death over your absence."
"Well, if that ain't (hic) jus' like a woman," he replied. "They only (hic) half do things."

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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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35 Doses—35 CENTS

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In Use For Over Thirty Years

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Sam's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.



KEEP the gates of the eyes and there will be fewer insurrections in the appetites.

If you have a god who can be packed away in a definition you had better get another.

Expecting to be saved by the new laws do not make new lives. Real gratitude is a fruit of grace. Reverence gives the heart its rest. There is no health without holiness. Precedents illuminate the premises. He has no power who has no patience.

Surges of sorrow but bring us to God's harbor. The prizes gained by trickery carry their own punishment. ology is like treating disease by feeding men medical books.

He who has no other motive than that of profit usually dies in poverty. Many a man would be more of a man if he thought less of what men think.

Any study of the life of our Lord ought to lead to making Him Lord of our lives.

There are many providences for which our philosophies can find no pigeon-hole. The Bible is to be valued by the inspiration it gives rather than by its information.

After, "What must I do to be saved?" comes the great question, "What can I do to serve?"

Many a man thinks he has done his duty for the world because he has taken a course in sociology.

The feast of the sermon always produces spiritual indigestion unless followed by religious exercise.

You must not think that the Lord has given you His rod because you feel like rapping all His children.

Will the people who are content with being good in spots be satisfied with heaven in small installments?

No preacher ever got a good sermon from above until he was willing to throw away his own brilliant production.

If the Master was as particular about the people He would work with as we are this world would soon go to pieces.

Troubles come through the things we let slip through our lips rather than by those that slip through our fingers.

There are too many preachers who seem to think that the way to get the people to glory is to consign them to perdition.

"LIE-GERY" EQUALS FORGERY.
New Word Coined for False Impersonation at the Telephone.

"There ought to be a new word coined to serve as a running mate to the word 'forgery,'" said a Kansas City business man. "Since the use of the telephone has obliterated the necessity of much writing, a substitute for forgery, which I call liegery, has come into general use. This is the system: The telephone rings. I answer. Some one says: 'This is the Tater and Onion Grocery Company. We have an account with John Smith, who says he works for you. He refused to settle the first of the month, saying that it was not his payday. If this is true we will extend his credit until payday. How about it?' 'Thinking I am doing John Smith a favor, I answer: 'That is true. Smith works for me. He will not receive his pay until Wednesday.' 'Now it turns out that the person who pretended to be the Tater and Onion Grocery Company was instead a collection attorney who wished to find out for sure where John Smith worked and when he got his pay so he could garnishee his wages to collect. If the attorney had told who he was and what he wanted I would not have given him the information. To represent yourself as another person over the phone is really as bad as signing another person's name. The one is forgery, the other 'lie-gery.' It is an evil that is spreading everywhere."—Kansas City Times.

Nailing His Coffin.
Seeing that the original of Sherlock Holmes is a Scotsman, the police of the canine country ought to be inspired with ability to solve the mystery surrounding the dreadful crime recently committed in their midst. It is the man for the minute of detail that brings off the coup in a case of this sort. Some years ago an aged woman was murdered near Carlisle for the sake of the little sum of money in her possession. There was no clue beyond a footprint marked in a pool of congealed blood. The notable feature of this print took the form of two peculiar indentations near the tie. News of the clue got abroad, and when the police pounced upon an engine driver whom they suspected, they found that there had been withdrawn from the toe of one of the boots two nails, the positions of which corresponded with the marks left in the impression. They searched until they found those two nails hidden beneath newly turned earth. And upon these two nails was woven a chain of evidence which hanged the man, who confessed that the sentence was just.—London Graphic.

Contributed Some.
Redd—I took Miss Goldrox out in my automobile yesterday.
Greene—Did she contribute any to the pleasures of the trip?
"Well, yes; she paid the fine!"—Yonkers Statesman.

No Chance.
Miss Prim—So Belle caught that wretched cold standing in the vestibule while a young man was kissing her good night? Well, you can wager a box of candy that I will never catch a cold in that way.
Eva—No, I think not, dear.

One of Many.
Diggs—Puffkins seems to have an insatiable thirst.
Biggs—Why, I wasn't aware that he ever drank anything.
Diggs—He doesn't. His is a thirst for notoriety.

Spring Humors

Impure or effete matters accumulated in the blood during the winter cause in the spring such disfiguring and painful troubles as boils, pimples, and other eruptions, also weakness, loss of appetite and that tired feeling.

The best medicine to take to rid yourself of them is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which thoroughly cleanses the blood, and effects permanent cures by giving healthy functional activity to the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels and skin.

This is the testimony of tens of thousands who have taken this great spring medicine.

Accept no substitute for Hood's Sarsaparilla, but insist on having Hood's and get it today.

Sold by druggists everywhere. Usual form, liquid, or in new form, tablets, 100 Doses One Dollar.

SYRUP OF FIGS

To sweeten,
To refresh,
To cleanse the system,
Effectually and Gently;

Dispels colds and headaches when bilious or constipated;
For men, women and children;

There is only one Genuine Syrup of Figs; to get its beneficial effects

Acts best on the kidneys and liver, stomach and bowels;

Always buy the genuine—Manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

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The genuine Syrup of Figs is for sale by all first-class druggists. The full name of the company—California Fig Syrup Co.—is always printed on the front of every package. Price Fifty Cents per bottle.

Dr. Claudio Pinilla, who took a prominent part in the settlement of the Acre question, has been made Minister of Foreign Affairs in Bolivia.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 381 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Test.
It isn't hard to make a speech, Most any one can do it. But genuine success you reach If people listen to it. —Washington Star.

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Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Larry's Description.
Larry had just landed in America and it was his first sea voyage. "Awn did yez git sae-sick?" anxiously inquired Mary Ellen. "O' did," replied Larry, with a doleful shake of his head. "Awn how did it fare?" Larry thought a moment and then said: "Did yez iver see an umbrilla turned wrong side out in a windstorm? Well, the way that umbrilla looked O' felt."

Does Your Heart Beat

Yes. 100,000 times each day. Does it send out good blood or bad blood? You know, for good blood is good health; bad blood, bad health. And you know precisely what to take for bad blood—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Doctors have endorsed it for 60 years.

One frequent cause of bad blood is a sluggish liver. This produces constipation. Poisonous substances are then absorbed into the blood, instead of being removed from the body daily as nature intended. Keep the bowels open with Ayer's Pills, liver pills. All vegetable.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of
HAIR VIGOR, AGUE CURE, CHERRY PECTORAL.

Ayer's

Incipient.

"My mustache is beginning to be noticeable at last," said the callow youth. "Yes," replied Pepprey. "It reminds me of the defeated pugilist I saw at that prize fight last night."
"Aw, how was that?"
"Down and out."

The landing of the cable made manifest cure, thought and toil. Did you think of that? When enjoying a glass of "Old Gilt Edge" do you think of the cure, skill and effort that the making calls for? Well, you do enjoy it, and that's the main thing.

I love Mr. Swinburne, His verse is so warm; And if you don't read him He'll do you no harm. The Touchstone.

GETS FORTUNE FROM SKUNKS.

Ranchman on Missouri River Raises Animal for His Hide.

John Lucas, living southwest of Elk Point, S. D., in the great bluffs along the Missouri river, is slowly amassing a fortune by the raising and killing of skunks for their hides and oil, says the New York Herald. He has been doing this for several years and now has a veritable farm of these animals.

He has made an inclosure of stout wire covering an area of an acre. The wire fence is six feet high and the wires are buried three feet below the ground. As the bluffs form a natural home for the skunk, he has no houses or shelter to build for the animal. The low marshes in one corner and the heavy growth of bushes at one end of the inclosure make a hiding place for the timid creatures.

The skunks derive their source of nourishment from small mice they catch along the bluffs and from frogs in the summer time.

The time for killing the animals for their hides begins about Nov. 1, or a little earlier should the weather be cold. Only a stick is necessary, for Lucas, walking among the bushes and poking in the holes, gives each specimen he selects a slight knock on the head, rendering the victims dead in an instant, and not injuring the fur, as a trap or rifle would do.

Over 300 prime furs were collected last fall. The skins are shipped to Sioux City and Omaha and other markets and bring good prices.

The pure black ones are being bred in preference to others, where found practicable, as the pure black skunk hide is as valuable as mink.

Kept the Letters.

"I learned the game of love once," sighed the young man in the blue waistcoat.

"So?" asked his chum.
"Yes; through a school of correspondence. I took ten lessons."

"And did you realize anything?"
"Only that I was a lobster. She kept the letters and sued me for breach of promise."

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3.50 & \$3.00 SHOES FOR MEN
W. L. Douglas \$4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equaled at any price.

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THE WORLD'S GREATEST SHOE MANUFACTURER

SOLE AGENTS FOR W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

ESTABLISHED JULY 6, 1876

CAPITAL \$2,500,000

W. L. DOUGLAS MAKES & SELLS MORE MEN'S \$3.50 SHOES THAN ANY OTHER MANUFACTURER IN THE WORLD.

\$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can disprove this statement.

He could take you into my three large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you the infinite care with which every pair of shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape so better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe.

W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shoes for Men, \$3.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$1.75, \$1.50

CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitute. None genuine without his name and price stamped on bottom. Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brass. Write for Illustrated Catalog.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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S. F. N. U. No. 14, 1904

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SAN FRANCISCO

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Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and Seven Miles of

Water Front on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of fully **TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE.**

An extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices, and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

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